

John Rickman
THE *Cliffords Inn.*
ORIGINAL, NATURE,
AND
IMMORTALITY
OF THE
S O U L,
A
P O E M.

With an INTRODUCTION concerning
HUMAN KNOWLEDGE.

WRITTEN BY
Sir JOHN DAVIS,
Attorney-General in *Ireland* to King *James* the First.

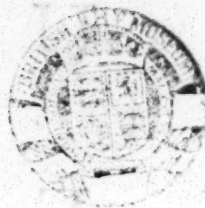
The FOURTH EDITION, Corrected.
WITH
An Account of the AUTHOR'S LIFE and WRITINGS.

L O N D O N:
Printed for DANIEL BROWNE, without Temple-Bar.
MDCCLIX.

THE

ORIGINAL NATURE

IMMORTALITY



M.

Human Nature

JOHN DAVIS

Author of 'The Human Mind' and 'The Human Soul'

LONDON



P R E F A C E

T O

Sir JOHN DAVIS's Poem.

By KNIGHTLEY CHETWOOD, D.D.

THERE is a natural Love and Fondness in *Englishmen*, for whatever was done in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*: We look upon *her* Time as *our* Golden Age; and the Great Men who lived in it, as our chief Heroes of Virtue, and greatest Examples of Wisdom, Courage, Integrity and Learning.

Among many others, the Author of this Poem merits a lasting Honour; for, as he was a most Eloquent Lawyer, so, in the Composition of this Piece, we admire him as he was a good Poet, and exact Philosopher. 'Tis not Rhiming that makes a Poet; but the true and impartial representing of Virtue and Vice, so as to instruct Mankind in Matters of greatest Importance. And this Observation has been made of our Countrymen; That Sir JOHN SUCKLING wrote in the most

The P R E F A C E.

Courtly and Gentleman-like Stile; WALLER in the most sweet and flowing Numbers; DENHAM with the most accurate Judgment and Correctness; COWLEY with pleasing Softness, and Exuberance of Imagination. None ever utter'd more Divine Thoughts than Mr. HERBERT; none more Philosophical than Sir JOHN DAVIS. His Thoughts are moulded into easy and significant Words; his Rhimes never mislead the Sense, but are led and govern'd by it: So that in reading such useful Performances, the Wit of Mankind may be refin'd from its Dross; their Memories furnish'd with the best Notions; their Judgments strengthen'd, and their Conceptions enlarg'd; by which Means their Mind will be rais'd to the most perfect Ideas it is capable of in this Degenerate State.

But as others have labour'd to carry out our Thoughts, and to entertain them with all manner of Delights abroad, 'tis the peculiar Character of this Author, that he has taught us (with *Antoninus*) to meditate upon ourselves; and that he has disclos'd to us greater Secrets at home; Self-Reflection being the only Way to valuable and true Knowledge, that consists in the rare Science of a Man's Self, which the Moral Philosopher loses in a Crowd of Definitions, Divisions,



The P R E F A C E.

Divisions, and Distinctions : The Historian cannot find it amongst all his musty Records; being far better acquainted with the Transactions of a Thousand Years past, than with the present Age, or with himself: The Writer of Fables and Romances wanders from it, in following the Delusions of a wild Fancy, Chimera's and Fictions, that do not only exceed the Works, but also the Possibility of Nature. Whereas the Resemblance of Truth is the utmost Limit of Poetical Liberty, which our Author has very Religiously observ'd; for he has not only placed and connected together the most amiable Images of all those Powers that are in our Souls, but he has furnish'd and squar'd his Matter like a True Philosopher; that is, he has made both Body and Soul, Colour and Shadow of his Poem, out of the Store-house of his own Mind, which gives the whole Work a real and natural Beauty; whereas that which is borrow'd out of Books (the Boxes of Counterfeit Complexion) shews well, or ill, as it has more or less Likeness to the Natural. But our Author is beholden to none besides himself; and by knowing himself thoroughly, he arriv'd to know much; which appears in his admirable variety of well-choien Metaphors and Similitudes, that

The P R E F A C E.

cannot be found within the Compass of a narrow Knowledge. For this Reason the Poem, on account of its intrinsick Worth, would be as lasting as the *Iliad*, or the *Æneid*; if the Language 'tis wrote in were as immutable as that of the *Greeks* and *Romans*.

Now it would be of great Benefit to the *Beaux* of our Age to carry this Glass in their Pocket; whereby they might learn to Think, rather than Dress well: It would be of Use also to the *Wits* and *Virtuoso's* to carry this Antidote about them, against the Poison they have suck'd in from *Lucretius* or *Hobbes*. This would acquaint them with some Principles of Religion; for in Old Times the Poets were their Divines, and exercis'd a kind of Spiritual Authority amongst the People. Verse in those Days was the Sacred Stile, the Stile of Oracles and Laws. The Vows and Thanks of the People were recommended to their Gods in Songs and Hymns. Why may they not retain this Privilege? For if Prose should contend with Verse, 'twould be upon unequal Terms, and (as it were) on Foot against the Wings of *Pegasus*. With what Delight are we touch'd in hearing the Stories of *Hercules*, *Cyrus*, and *Æneas*? Because in their Characters we have Wisdom, Honour, Fortitude, and Justice, set before our Eyes. 'Twas

Plato's

The P R E F A C E.

Plato's Opinion, That if a Man could see *Virtue*, he would be strangely enamour'd of her Person. And the Reason why *Horace* and *Virgil* have continued so long in Reputation, is, because they have drawn her in all the Charms of Poetry. No Man is so senseless of rational Impressions, as not to be wonderfully affected with the Pastorals of the Ancients; when under the Stories of Wolves and Sheep, they describe the Misery of People under Hard Masters, and their Happiness under Good. So the bitter but wholesome *Iambic* was wont to make Villainy blush; the *Satyr* incited Men to laugh at Folly; the *Comedian* chastised the Common Errors of Life; and the *Tragedian* made Kings afraid to be Tyrants, and Tyrants to be their own Tormentors.

Wherefore, as Sir PHILIP SIDNEY said of CHAUCER, That he knew not which he should most wonder at, either that He in his dark Time should see so distinctly, or that We in this clear Age should go so stumbling after him; so may we marvel at and bewail the low Condition of Poetry now, when in our Plays scarce any one Rule of Decorum is observed, but in the Space of two Hours and an half we pass through all the Fits of *Bedlam*; in one Scene we are all in Mirth,

The P R E F A C E.

in the next we are sunk into Sadness; whilst even the most labour'd Parts are commonly starv'd for want of Thought; being but a confus'd Heap of Words, and empty Sound of Rhime.

This very Consideration should advance the Esteem of the following Poem, wherein are represented the various Movements of the Mind, at which we are as much transported as with the most excellent Scenes of Passion in SHAKESPEAR, or FLETCHER: For in this, as in a Mirrour (that will not flatter) we see how the *Soul* arbitrates in the Understanding upon the various Reports of *Sense*, and all the Changes of Imagination: How compliant the Will is to her Dictates, and obeys her as a Queen does her King; at the same time acknowledging a Subjection, and yet retaining a Majesty: How the Passions move at her Command, like a well-disciplin'd Army; from which regular Composure of the Faculties, all operating in their proper Time and Place, there arises a Complacency upon the whole Soul, that infinitely transcends all other Pleasures.

What deep Philosophy is this, to discover the Process of God's Art in fashioning the Soul of Man after his own Image; by remarking how one Part moves another, and how

The P R E F A C E.

how those Motives are vary'd by several Positions of each Part, from the first Springs and Plummets, to the very Hand that points out the visible and last Effects! What Eloquence and Force of Wit, to convey these profound Speculations in the easiest Language, expressed in Words so vulgarly received, that they are understood by the meanest Capacities!

For the Poet takes care in every Line to satisfy the Understandings of Mankind: He follows Step by Step the Workings of the Mind, from the first Strokes of *Sense*, then of Fancy, afterwards of Judgment, into the Principles both of Natural and Supernatural Motives: Hereby the Soul is made intelligible, which comprehends all Things besides; the boundless Tracks of Sea and Land, and the vaster Spaces of Heaven: That Vital Principle of Action, which has always been busied in Enquiries abroad, is now made known to itself; insomuch that we may find out what we ourselves are, from whence we came, and whither we must go; we may perceive what noble Guests those are which we lodge in our Bosoms, and that are nearer to us than all other Things, yet nothing farther from our Acquaintance.

In

The P R E F A C E.

In this Work all the Labyrinths and Windings of the Human Frame are laid open: 'Tis seen by what Pullies and Wheels the same is carry'd on, as plainly as if a Window were opened into our Breasts: For it is the Work of GOD alone to create a Mind.— The next to this is to shew, how its Operations are perform'd.





An Account of the AUTHOR'S LIFE
and WRITINGS.

SIR *John Davis* was born at *Chisgrove*, in the Parish of *Tyfbury* near *Hindon* in *Wilts*; and was the Son of a wealthy Tanner of that Place, who sent him to *Oxford*; where, in the 15th Year of his Age, in *Michaelmas-Term* 1585, he became a Commoner of *Queen's College*. Having, by his excellent natural Parts, and the Help of a Tutor, laid a good Foundation of Academical Learning, and taken the Degree of Batchelor of Arts; he was removed to the *Middle-Temple*, and applied himself to the Study of the Common Law; but being a passionate young Man, he was some time after expell'd that Society for beating a Gentleman at Dinner in the Common-Hall, viz. Mr. *Richard Martin*, afterwards Recorder of *London*. From thence he went to *Oxford* again, liv'd private, and in his serious Mood here, wrote the following Poem, printed first An. 1599, with the Title of *Nosce Teipsum*. Being by the Favour of *Thomas Lord Ellesmere*, Lord-Keeper of the Great-Seal, re-instated in the *Temple*, he was call'd to the Bar, where he practis'd as a Counsellor, and was chosen a Burgess for *Corf-Castle*, in the Parliament held at *Westminster* in 1601, the last of the Reign of *Queen Elizabeth*. Upon her Majesty's Death, he went to *Scotland*, along with Lord *Hunsdon*, to congratulate King *James I.* upon his Accession to the Crown,
and

Account of the AUTHOR's

and being introduced with him into his Majesty's Presence, the King ask'd his Lordship the Names of the Gentlemen that accompany'd him; and his Lordship naming among them *John Davis*, who stood behind, the King presently ask'd, whether he was *Nosce Teipsum*, and being answer'd he was the very same Person, his Majesty graciously embraced him, and assured him of his Favour. Accordingly he first preferred him to be his Solicitor, and then his Attorney-General, in *Ireland*, where, in *Trinity-Term* 1606, he was made one of his Majesty's Serjeants at Law (the Motto of the Ring he gave upon that Occasion being, *Lex publica lux est*) and was afterwards Speaker of the House of Commons in that Kingdom. Having received the Honour of Knighthood from the King at *Whitehall* in 1607, he quitted the Post of Attorney-General in *Ireland* An. 1612; and on the 30th of *June* was created one of his Majesty's *English* Serjeants at Law. After his settling in *England* he was chosen a Member of King *James's* Third Parliament for *Hindon* in *Wilts*, and often appointed one of the Judges of Assize on the Circuits, and at length was promoted to be Lord-Chief-Justice of the *King's-Bench*; but before the Ceremony of his Installation could be performed, he died suddenly of an Apoplexy, at his House in the *Strand*, the 7th of *December*, 1626; ætat. 57: and, after lying some time in State, was interr'd in the South Isle of the Church of *St. Martin in the Fields*. He was held in great Esteem by the noted Scholars of his Time, particularly Sir *John Harrington*, *William Camphden*, *Ben. Johnson*, *John Selden*, *Facete Hoskins*, *R. Corbet* of *Christchurch, Oxford*,
and

LIFE and WRITINGS.

and others; who gave him the Character of a bold Spirit, a sharp and ready Wit, and of a Man compleatly learned. Soon after his Interment a Monument was fix'd on a Pillar near his Grave, with a large Inscription on it, Part of which runs thus :

Vir ingenio compto, rarâ facundiâ, oratione cum solutâ, tum numeris astrictâ, felicissimus, juridicam severitatem, morum elegantiâ, et amœniore eruditione mitigavit: Patronus fidus, judex incorruptus, ingenuæ pietatis amore, et anxie superstitionis contemptu juxta insignis, &c.

That is, He was a Man of fine Abilities and uncommon Eloquence, and had a most happy Talent for *writing* both in Prose and Verse. He temper'd the Severity of the Lawyer with the Politeness and Learning of the Gentleman. He was a faithful Advocate, an uncorrupt Judge, and equally remarkable for a Love of ingenuous Piety, and a Contempt of anxious Superstition, &c.

He marry'd *Eleanor Touchet*, youngest Daughter of *George Lord Audley*, afterwards Earl of *Castlehaven*; a Lady of a very extraordinary Character, who had, or pretended to have, a Spirit of Prophecy: And her Predictions, receiv'd from a Voice which she often heard (as she used to tell her Daughter, and she others) were generally wrapp'd up in obscure Expressions. It was commonly reported, that, on the *Sunday* before *Sir John's* Death, as she was sitting at Dinner with him, she suddenly burst into Tears; and that upon his asking her the Occasion, she made Answer, " Husband, these
" are

Account of the AUTHOR's

“ are your Funeral Tears ;” to which he reply'd,
“ Pray spare your Tears now ; and I will be content that you shall laugh when I am dead.”

After his Death she liv'd mostly at *Pirton* in *Hertfordshire*, near *Hitchin*; and in 1649 an Account was publish'd in 4to of her *strange and wonderful Prophecies*; more of which, and of her Life, may be seen in ‘ *The History of the Life, and Death of Dr. William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, Part II. Lib. 4. An. 1634,*’ and in the Diary or Breviate of the said Archbishop's Life, printed in 1644. She dy'd in *St. Bride's Parish in London*, *July 5, 1652*; and was bury'd in *St. Martin's Church*, near the Remains of her Husband.

Sir *John* had only one Son by her, an Idiot, who dy'd young; and a Daughter, named *Lucy*, who being sole Heiress to her Father, was marry'd to *Ferdinand Lord Hastings*, afterwards Earl of *Huntingdon*; upon whose Suit to her, Sir *John* made this Epigram :

LUCIDA—VIS oculos teneri praeſtrinxit amantis ;
Nec tamen erravit : nam VIA—DULCIS erat.

Sir *John* wrote two other Poems ; formerly printed along with This, when it bore the Title of *Noſce Teipſum*, viz. 1. Hymns of *Aſtræa*, in Acroſtic Verſe ; 2. *Orcheſtra*, a Poem ; expreſſing the Antiquity and Excellency of Dancing, in a Dialogue between *Penelope* and one of her Woers, containing 131 Stanzas.

In Quality of a Lawyer, our Author gave the World the following Pieces :

1. A Dif-

LIFE and WRITINGS.

1. A Discovery of the true Causes, why *Ireland* was never entirely subdued, nor brought under Obedience of the Crown of *England*, until the Beginning of his Majesty's happy Reign. *London*, 1612. 4to. Dedicated to King *James*, with this Latin Verse only.

Principis est Virtus maxima nosse suos.

2. A Declaration of our Sovereign Lord the King, concerning the Title of his Majesty's Son, *Charles*, the Prince and Duke of *Cornwall*. *London*, 1614, in 14 Sheets in Folio; printed in 2 Columns, one in *French*, the other in *English*.

3. Les premiers Reports des Cases et Matters en Ley, resolues et adjudges en les Courts del Roy en *Ireland*. *Dublin*, 1615. *London*, 1628 & 1674, Folio. To the second Edition was added a Table; not in the former. It was from this Book chiefly, that Sir *John Pettus* selected Matter for another, intituled, *England's* Independency upon the Papal Power, historically and judiciously stated, by Sir *John Davis*, Attorney General in *Ireland*, and by Sir *Edward Coke*, Lord Chief-Justice of *England*, in two Reports selected from their great Volumes, with a Preface written by Sir *John Pettus*. *London*, 1674, 4to.

4. A perfect Abridgment of the eleven Books of Reports of Sir *Edward Coke*. *London*, 1651. 12°. It was written in *French* by Sir *John Davis*, and translated into *English* by another Hand.

5. Jus imponendi Vectigalia; or, the Learning touching Customs, Tonnage, Poundage, and Impositions

Account of the AUTHOR, &c.

positions on Merchandizes, &c. asserted. *London*, 1656, 1659, &c. 8vo.

Besides these, there are some MSS. of his composing; as particularly, A large Epistle to *Robert Earl of Salisbury*, of the State of the Counties of *Monaghan*, *Fermannagh*, and *Downe*, and of Justices of Peace, and other Officers of *Ireland*: written in 1607. Also a Speech (when he was Speaker of the House of Commons in *Ireland*) before *Arthur Lord Chichester*, Viscount *Belfast*, Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*, on the 21st of *May*, 1613. These pieces were in the Library of Sir *James Ware* of *Ireland*, and afterwards (Mr. *Wood* believes) in that of the Earl of *Clarendon*.

The following Poem, which was Sir *John's* principal Performance, was printed first, as has been said, in 1599, and again in 1619; and republish'd by Mr. *Nahum Tate*, Poet-Laureat, in 1697: from whose Edition the smaller one of 1714, and this, are printed: only the present is augmented by this Account of the learned Author and his Family.



Upon



Upon the Present
Corrupted STATE
OF
POETRY.

Written in the Reign of King *William* III.

By an anonymous AUTHOR.

IN happy Ages past, when Justice reign'd,
The Muses too their Dignity maintain'd ;
Were only then in Shrines and Temples found,
With Innocence instead of Lawrel crown'd,
Anthems and Hallelujahs did resound.

In these Seraphick Tasks their Hours they pass'd,
Pious as *Sybils*, and as *Vestals* chaste.

They justly then were stil'd *The Sacred Nine*,
Nor were the Heav'n-born Graces more Divine.
Like them with Heav'n they did Alliance claim,
And wisest Kings their Votaries became ;

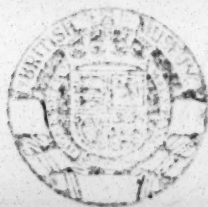
B

Who,

2 *The Present State of Poetry.*

Who, tho' by Art and Nature form'd to reign,
Their Homage paid amongst the Muses Train :
They thought Extent of Empire less Renown,
And priz'd their Poet's Wreath above their Prince's
[Crown.
Heav'n's Praise was then the only Theme of Verse,
Which Kings of Earth were honour'd to rehearse.
Their Songs did then fair *Salem's* Temple fill,
And *Sion* was the Muses Sacred Hill.

At length transplanted from the Holy Land,
To *Pagan* Regions pass'd the Sacred Band ;
In *Greece* they settled, but with lessen'd Grace,
And chang'd their Manners as they chang'd their Place.
= Here Poetry, beginning to decline,
First mingled Human Praises with Divine.
Yet still they sung alone some Worthy's Name,
And only gave restoring Heroes Fame.
But grew at last a mercenary Trade,
The Gift of Heav'n the Price of Gold was made.



Brib'd

Brib'd Poets with Encomiums did pursue
The worst of Men, and prais'd their Vices too.
They gave destroying Tyrants most Applause,
Who shed most Blood, regardless of their Cause.
If merely to destroy can merit Fame,
Famines and Plagues the larger Trophies claim.

BUT this and worse, with our licentious Times
Compar'd, in Poets were but Venial Crimes.
That Poetry, which did at first inspire
Cœlestial Rapture, and Seraphick Fire ;
Her Talent in Hell's Service now employs,
The Prostitute and Bawd of Sensual Joys,
On Mischief's Side engages all her Charms,
Against Religion her offensive Arms :
Whilst Lust, Extortion, Sacrilege pass free,
She points her Satyr, Virtue, against Thee,
And turns on Heav'n its own Artillery.

}

4 *The Present State of Poetry.*

BUT Wit's fair Stream, when from its genuine Course
Constrain'd, runs muddy, and with lessen'd Force.
Our Poets, when Deserters they became
To Virtue's Cause, declin'd as much in Fame.
That Curse was on the lewd Apostates sent,
Who, as they grew debauch'd, grew impotent.
Wit's short-liv'd Offsprings in our later Times
Confess too plain their vicious Parents Crimes:
No *Spencer's* Strength, or *Davies*, who sustain'd
Wit's Empire when Divine *Eliza* reign'd.

BUT sure, when foreign Toils will Time allow
Our Age's *Hydra*-Vices to subdue,
Victorious *William's* Piety will chase
From these infested Realms th' infernal Race;
And, when Alarms of War are heard no more,
With *Europe's* Peace the Muses State restore.



THE
AUTHOR'S
DEDICATION
TO
Queen *Elizabeth.*

TO that clear Majesty, which in the *North*,
Doth like another Sun in Glory rise,
Which standeth fix'd, yet spreads her Heav'nly Worth,
Loadstone to Hearts, and Load-star to all Eyes.

LIKE Heav'n in All, like Earth in This alone,
That tho' great States by her Support do stand,
Yet she herself supported is of none,
But by the Finger of th' Almighty's Hand.

To the divinest and the richest Mind,
Both by Art's Purchase, and by Nature's Dower,
That ever was from Heav'n to Earth confin'd,
To shew the utmost of a Creature's Power.

To that great Spring, which doth great Kingdoms move
The sacred Spring whence *Right* and *Honour* streams,
Distilling *Virtue*, shedding *Peace* and *Love*,
In ev'ry Place as *Cynthia* sheds her Beams.

I OFFER up some Sparkles of that Fire,
Whereby we *reason*, *live*, and *move*, and *be*;

These

These Sparks by Nature evermore aspire,
Which makes them now to such a *Highness* flee.

FAIR *Soul*, since to the fairest Body join'd,
You give such lively Life, such quick'ning Power,
And Influence of such Cœlestial Kind,
As keeps it still in Youth's immortal Flower.

As where the Sun is present all the Year,
And never doth retire his golden Ray,
Needs must the Spring be everlasting there,
And ev'ry Season like the Month of *May*.

O MANY, many Years may you remain
A happy Angel to this happy Land ;
Long, long may you on Earth our Empress reign,
E'er you in Heaven a glorious Angel stand.

STAY long (sweet Spirit) e'er thou to Heav'n depart,
Who mak'st each Place a Heav'n wherein thou art.

Her M A J E S T Y ' S

Devoted Subject and Servant,

July 11, 1599.

JOHN DAVIES.



T H E



T H E
C O N T E N T S.

T H E *Introduction concerning Human Knowledge.* Page 13

Of the Original, Nature, and Immortality of the Soul. 25

S. Sect. I. *That the Soul is a Thing subsisting by itself, and has proper Operations without the Body.* 31

Sect. II. *That the Soul is more than a Perfection, or Reflection of the Sense.* 39

Sect. III. *That the Soul is more than the Temperature of the Humours of the Body.* 43

Sect. IV. *That the Soul is a Spirit.* 46

I E Sect. V. *Erroneous Opinions of the Creation of Souls.* 52

S E C T.

The Contents.

Sect. VI. <i>That the Soul is not ex Traduce.</i>	55
Sect. VII. <i>Reasons drawn from Nature.</i>	57
Sect. VIII. <i>Reasons drawn from Divinity.</i>	61
Sect. IX. <i>Why the Soul is united to the Body.</i>	71
Sect. X. <i>In what manner the Soul is united to the Body.</i>	73
Sect. XI. <i>How the Soul exercises her Powers in the Body.</i>	75
Sect. XII. <i>The Vegetative Power of the Soul.</i>	76
Sect. XIII. <i>The Power of Sense.</i>	77
Sect. XIV. <i>Seeing.</i>	78
Sect. XV. <i>Hearing.</i>	81
Sect. XVI. <i>Taste.</i>	83
Sect. XVII. <i>Smelling.</i>	84
S E C T.	

The Contents.

Sect. XVIII. <i>Feeling.</i>	85
Sect. XIX. <i>Of the Imagination, or Common Sense.</i>	86
Sect. XX. <i>Fantasy.</i>	87
Sect. XXI. <i>Sensitive Memory.</i>	88
Sect. XXII. <i>The Passion of the Sense.</i>	89
Sect. XXIII. <i>Local Motion.</i>	91
Sect. XXIV. <i>The Intellectual Powers of the Soul.</i>	92
Sect. XXV. <i>Wit, Reason, Understanding, Opinion, Judgment, Wisdom.</i>	93
Sect. XXVI. <i>Innate Ideas in the Soul.</i>	95
Sect. XXVII. <i>The Power of Will, and Relation between the Wit and Will.</i>	96
Sect. XXVIII. <i>The Intellectual Memory.</i>	98
Sect. XXIX. <i>The Dependency of the Soul's Faculties upon each other.</i>	ibid.
	SECT.

The Contents.

- Sect. XXX. *That the Soul is Immortal, proved by several Reasons.* 102
- Sect. XXXI. *That the Soul cannot be destroy'd.* 119
- Sect. XXXII. *Objections against the Immortality of the Soul, with their respective Answers.* 123
- Sect. XXXIII. *Three Kinds of Life, answerable to the three Powers of the Soul.* 139
- Sect. XXXIV. *The Conclusion.* 141



T H E
INTRODUCTION.



W H Y did my Parents fend me to the
Schools,

That I with *Knowledge* might enrich
my Mind,

Since the *Desire to know* first made Men Fools,

And did corrupt the *Root* of all Mankind ?

For when God's Hand had written in the Hearts

Of our First Parents all the Rules of Good ;

So that their Skill infus'd surpass'd all Arts

That ever were before, or since the Flood.

And

And when their Reason's Eye was sharp and clear,
And (as an Eagle can behold the Sun)
Could have approach'd th' Eternal Light as near
As th' intellectual Angels could have done ;

Ev'n then to them the *Spirit of Lies* suggests,
That they were blind, because they saw not *Ill* ;
And breath'd into their incorrupted Breasts
A curious *Wish*, which did corrupt their *Will*.

From that same *Ill*, they strait desir'd to know ;
Which *Ill* being nought but a Defect of Good,
In all God's Works the Devil could not show
While Man, their Lord, in his Perfection stood.

So that themselves were first to *do* the *Ill*,
E'er they thereof the Knowledge could attain ;
Like him that knew not Poison's Power to kill,
Until (by tasting it) himself was slain.

Ev'n so, by tasting of that Fruit forbid,
Where they fought *Knowledge*, they did *Error* find;
Ill they desir'd to know, and Ill they did;
And to give *Passion* Eyes, made *Reason* blind.

For then their Minds did first in *Passion* see
Those wretched Shapes of *Misery* and *Woe*,
Of *Nakedness*, of *Shame*, of *Poverty*,
Which then their own *Experience* made 'em know.

But then grew *Reason* dark, that *she* no more
Could the fair Forms of *Good* and *Truth* discern;
Bats they became, who *Eagles* were before,
And this they got by their *Desire* to learn.

But we, their wretched *Offspring*, what do we?
Do not we still taste of the Fruit forbid,
While with fond fruitless *Curiosity*,
In Books profane we seek for *Knowledge* hid?

What

What is this *Knowledge*, but the Sky stoll'n Fire,
For which the *Thief* still chain'd in Ice doth sit;
And which the poor rude *Satyr* did admire,
And needs would kifs, but burnt his Lips with it?

What is it, but the Cloud of empty Rain,
Which when *Jove's Guest* embrac'd, he Monsters got?
Or the false *Pails*, which oft being fill'd with Pain,
Receiv'd the Water, but retain'd it not?

In fine, What is it, but the fiery Coach,
Which the *Youth* fought, and fought his Death withal?
Or the *Boy's* Wings, which when he did approach
The *Sun's* hot Beams, did melt and let him fall?

And yet, alas! when all our Lamps are burn'd,
Our Bodies wasted, and our Spirits spent;
When we have all the learned *Volumes* turn'd,
Which yield Mens Wits both Help and Ornament;

What

What can we know, or what can we discern,
When *Error* clouds the Windows of the Mind ?
The divers Forms of Things how can we learn,
That have been ever from our Birth-day blind ?

When *Reason's* Lamp, which (like the *Sun* in Sky)
Throughout *Man's* little World her Beams did spread,
Is now become a Sparkle, which doth lie
Under the Ashes, half extinct and dead ;

How can we hope that thro' the Eye and Ear,
This dying Sparkle, in this cloudy Place,
Can recollect those Beams of Knowledge clear,
Which were infus'd in the first Minds by Grace ?

So might the Heir, whose Father hath in Play
Wasted a thousand Pounds of ancient Rent,
By painful Earning of one Groat a Day,
Hope to restore the Patrimony spent.

The Wits that div'd most deep, and soar'd most high,
Seeking Man's Powers, have found his Weakness
[such:

“ Skill comes so slow, and Life so fast doth fly ;

“ We learn so little, and forget so much.”

For this the wisest of all Moral Men

Said, *He knew nought, but that he nought did know.*

And the great mocking Master mock'd not then,

When he said, *Truth was bury'd here below.*

For how may we to other Things attain,

When none of us his own Soul understands ?

For which the Devil mocks our curious Brain,

When *Know thy Self*, his Oracle commands.

For why should we the busy Soul believe,

When boldly she concludes of that and this ;

When of her *self* she can no Judgment give,

Nor how, nor whence, nor where, nor what she is ?

All Things without, which round about we see,

We seek to know, and have therewith to do :

But that whereby we *reason, live and be,*

Within ourselves, we Strangers are thereto.

We seek to know the moving of each Sphere,

And the strange Cause o'th' Ebbs and Floods of *Nile* ;

But of that *Clock* which in our Breasts we bear,

The subtile Motions we forget the while.

We that acquaint ourselves with ev'ry *Zone,*

And pass the *Tropicks*, and behold each *Pole* ;

When we come home, are to ourselves unknown,

And unacquainted still with our own Soul.

We study *Speech*, but others we perswade ;

We *Leech-craft* learn, but others cure with it :

W' interpret *Laws* which other Men have made,

But read not those which in our Hearts are writ.

Is it because the Mind is like the Eye,
Thro' which it gathers Knowledge by Degrees ;
Whose Rays reflect not, but spread outwardly ;
Not seeing itself, when other Things it sees ?

No, doubtless ; for the Mind can backward cast
Upon herself, her understanding Light ;
But she is so corrupt, and so defac'd,
As her own *Image* doth herself affright.

As is the Fable of the Lady fair,
Which for her Lust was turn'd into a Cow ;
When thirsty, to a Stream she did repair,
And saw herself transform'd she wist not how :

At first she startles, then she stands amaz'd ;
At last with Terror she from thence doth fly,
And loaths the wat'ry Glas wherein she gaz'd,
And shuns it still, altho' for Thirst she die.

Ev'n so *Man's Soul*, which did God's Image bear,
And was at first fair, good, and spotless pure ;
Since with her *Sins*, her Beauties blotted were,
Doth of all Sight her own Sight least endure :

For ev'n at first Reflection she espies
Such strange *Chimera's*, and such Monsters there ;
Such Toys, such *Anticks*, and such Vanities,
As she retires and shrinks for Shame and Fear.

And as the Man loves least at *Home* to be,
That hath a fluttish House, haunted with *Sprites* ;
So she, impatient her own Faults to see,
Turns from her *self*, and in strange Things delights.

For this, few *know themselves* : For Merchants broke,
View their Estate with Discontent and Pain ;
And *Seas* as troubled, when they do revoke
Their flowing Waves into themselves again.

And while the Face of outward Things we find,
Pleasing and fair, agreeable and sweet,
These Things transport, and carry out the Mind,
That with herself, the Mind can never meet.

Yet if *Affliction* once her Wars begin,
And threat the feeblér *Sense* with Sword' and Fire,
The *Mind* contracts herself, and shrinketh in,
And to herself she gladly doth retire ;

As *Spiders* touch'd, seek their Webs inmost Part ;
As *Bees* in Storms back to their Hives return ;
As Blood in Danger gathers to the Heart ;
As Men seek Towns, when Foes the Country burn.

If ought can teach us ought, *Affliction's* Looks
(Making us pry into ourselves so near)
Teach us to know ourselves beyond all *Books*,
Or all the learned *Schools* that ever were.

This Mistress lately pluck'd me by the Ear,
And many a Golden Lesson hath me taught ;
Hath made my *Senses* quick, and *Reason* clear,
Reform'd my *Will*, and rectify'd my *Thought*.

So do the *Winds* and *Thunders* cleanse the Air ;
So working Seas settle and purge the Wine ;
So lopp'd and pruned Trees do flourish fair ;
So doth the Fire the drossy Gold refine.

Neither *Minerva*, nor the learned *Muse*,
Nor Rules of *Art*, nor *Precepts* of the Wise,
Could in my Brain those Beams of Skill infuse,
As but the Glance of this *Dame's* angry Eyes.

She within *Lifts* my ranging Mind hath brought,
That now beyond myself I will not go ;
Myself am *Centre* of my circling Thought,
Only *myself* I study, learn and know.

I know my *Body's* of so frail a kind,
As Force without, Fevers within can kill :
I know the heav'nly Nature of my *Mind*,
But 'tis corrupted both in *Wit* and *Will*:

I know my *Soul* hath Pow'r to know all Things,
Yet is she blind and ignorant in All :
I know I'm one of *Nature's* little Kings,
Yet to the least and vilest Things am thrall.

I know my Life's a *Pain*, and but a *Span*;
I know my *Sense* is mock'd in ev'ry Thing :
And, to conclude, I know myself a *Man*,
Which is a *proud*, and yet a *wretched* Thing.



OF THE
ORIGINAL, NATURE
AND
IMMORTALITY
OF THE
S O U L.



H E *Lights of Heav'n* (which are the
World's fair Eyes)

Look down into the World, the World
to see ;

And as they turn, or wander in the Skies,

Survey all Things that on the Centre be.

And

And yet the *Lights* which in my *Tower* do shine,
Mine *Eyes*, which view all Objects nigh and far,
Look not into this little World of mine,
Nor see my Face, wherein they fixed are.

Since *Nature* fails us in no needful Thing,
Why want I Means my inward Self to see?
Which Sight the Knowledge of myself might bring,
Which to true Wisdom is the first Degree.

That *Pow'r* which gave me Eyes the World to view,
To view myself infus'd an *inward Light*,
Whereby my *Soul*, as by a *Mirror* true,
Of her own *Form* may take a perfect Sight.

But as the sharpest *Eye* discerneth nought,
Except the *Sun-beams* in the Air do shine;
So the best *Soul*, with her reflecting Thought,
Sees not herself, without some Light Divine.

O *Light*,

O *Light*, which mak'st the Light which makes the Day !
Which sett'st the Eye without, and Mind within ;
Lighten my Spirit with one clear heav'nly Ray,
Which now to view itself doth first begin.

For her true Form, how can my Spark discern,
Which, dim by *Nature*, *Art* did never clear ;
When the great Wits, from whom all Skill we learn,
Are ignorant both *what* she is, and where ?

One thinks the *Soul* is *Air* ; another, *Fire* ;
Another, *Blood* diffus'd about the Heart ;
Another faith, the *Elements* conspire,
And to her *Essence* Each doth give a Part.

Musicians think our *Souls* are *Harmonies* ;
Physicians hold, that they *Complexions* be ;
Epicures make them *Swarms* of *Atomies*,
Which do by chance into our Bodies flee.

Some

Some think one gen'ral *Soul* fills ev'ry Brain,
As the bright *Sun* sheds Light in ev'ry Star ;
And others think the Name of *Soul* is vain,
And that we only *well mix'd* Bodies are.

In Judgment of her *Substance* thus they vary,
And vary thus in Judgment of her *Seat* ;
For some her Chair up to the Brain do carry,
Some sink it down into the *Stomach's* Heat.

Some place it in the Root of Life, the *Heart* ;
Some in the *Liver*, Fountain of the Veins ;
Some say, *She's all in all, and all in ev'ry Part* :
Some say, she's not contain'd, but all contains.

Thus these great Clerks their little Wisdom show,
While with their Doctrines they at *Hazard* play ;
Tossing their light Opinions to and fro,
To mock the *Lewd*, as learn'd in This as They.

For no craz'd Brain could ever yet propound,
Touching the *Soul*, so vain and fond a Thought;
But some among these Masters have been found,
Which in their *Schools* the self-same Thing have ^{[taught.}

God only wise, to punish Pride of Wit,
Among Mens Wits hath this Confusion wrought;
As the proud *Tow'r*, whose Points the Clouds did hit,
By Tongues Confusion was to Ruin brought.

But (*Thou*) which didst *Man's Soul* of Nothing make,
And when to Nothing it was fall'n again,
" To make it new, the Form of Man didst take;
" And GOD with GOD, becam'ft a *Man* with Men.

Thou that hast fashion'd twice this *Soul* of ours,
So that she is by double Title thine,
Thou only know'ft her Nature, and her Pow'rs;
Her subtile Form, thou only canst define.

To

To judge herself, she must herself transcend,

As greater *Circles* comprehend the less :

But she wants Pow'r, her own Pow'rs to extend,

As fetter'd *Men* cannot their Strength express.

But thou bright Morning-Star, thou Rising-Sun,

Which in these latter Times hast brought to Light

Those Mysteries, that since the World begun,

Lay hid in Darkness, and Eternal Night.

Thou (*like the Sun*) dost, with an equal Ray,

Into the *Palace* and the *Cottage* shine ;

And shew'st the *Soul* both to the Clerk and Lay,

By the clear *Lamp* of th' *Oracle* divine.

This Lamp, thro' all the Regions of my Brain,

Where my *Soul* sits, doth spread such Beams of Grace,

As now, methinks, I do distinguish plain,

Each subtile Line of her *Immortal* Face.

The Soul a Substance and a Spirit is,
 Which GOD himself doth in the Body make,
 Which makes the *Man*, for every Man from this,
 The *Nature* of a *Man*, and *Name* doth take.

And tho' this Spirit be to the Body knit,
 As an apt Means her Pow'rs to exercise,
 Which are *Life*, *Motion*, *Sense*, and *Will*, and *Wit*;
 Yet she *survives*, although the Body *dies*.



S E C T. I.

*That the SOUL is a Thing subsisting by itself,
 and has proper Operations without the Body.*

S H E is a *Substance*, and a *real* Thing;

1. Which hath itself an *actual*, working
Might;
2. Which neither from the *Senses* Pow'r doth spring,
3. Nor from the *Body's Humours* temper'd right.

She

She is a *Vine*, which doth no propping need,
To make her spread herself, or spring upright.
She is a *Star*, whose Beams do not proceed
From any *Sun*, but from a *Native* Light.

For when she sorts Things *present* with Things *past*,
And thereby Things to *come* doth oft fore-see ;
When she doth *doubt* at first, and *chuse* at last,
These Acts her *Own*, without her Body be.

When of the Dew, which th' *Eye* and *Ear* do take
From Flow'rs abroad, and bring into the Brain,
She doth within both Wax and Honey make :
This Work is her's, this is her proper Pain.

When she from sundry Acts, one Skill doth draw ;
Gath'ring from divers Fights, one Art of War ;
From many Cafes like, one Rule of Law :
These *her* Collections, not the *Senses* are.

When

When in th' *Effects* she doth the *Causes* know ;
And seeing the *Stream*, thinks where the *Spring* [doth rise ;
And seeing the *Branch*, conceives the *Root* below :
Those Things she views, without the *Body's Eyes*.

When she, without a *Pegasus*, doth fly
Swifter than *Lightning's Fire*, from *East* to *West* ;
About the *Centre*, and above the *Sky*,
She travels then, altho' the *Body* rest.

When all her Works she formeth first within,
Proportions them, and sees their perfect End,
E'er she in Act doth any Part begin :
What Instruments doth then the *Body* lend ?

When without Hands she doth thus *Castles* build,
Sees without Eyes, and without Feet doth run ;
When she digests the *World*, yet is not fill'd :
By her own *Pow'rs* these Miracles are done.

When she defines, argues, divides, compounds,
Considers *Virtue, Vice, and gen'ral Things*;
And marrying divers Principles and Grounds,
Out of their Match, a true Conclusion brings.

These Actions in her Clofet, all alone,
(Retir'd within herself) she doth fulfil;
Use of her Body's Organs she hath none,
When she doth use the Pow'rs of Wit and Will.

Yet in the Body's Prison so she lies,
As thro' the Body's Windows she must look,
Her divers Powers of *Sense to exercise*,
By gath'ring Notes out of the *World's great Book*.

Nor can herself discourse or judge of ought,
But what the *Sense* collects, and home doth bring;
And yet the Pow'rs of her discoursing Thought,
From these Collections, is a *diverse Thing*.

For tho' our Eyes can nought but Colours see,
Yet Colours give them not their Pow'r of Sight;
So, tho' these Fruits of *Sense* her Objects be,
Yet she discerns them by her proper Light.

The Workman on his Stuff his Skill doth show,
And yet the Stuff gives not the Man his Skill;
Kings their Affairs do by their Servants know,
But order them by their own Royal Will.

So, tho' this cunning Mistress, and this Queen,
Doth, as her Instruments, the *Senses* use,
To know all Things that are *felt, heard, or seen*;
Yet she herself doth only judge and chuse.

Ev'n as a prudent *Emperor*, that reigns
By *Sov'reign* Title, over sundry Lands,
Suffers, in mean Affairs, his Subjects Pains,
Sees by their Eyes, and writeth by their Hands;

But Things of Weight and Consequence indeed,
Himself doth in his Chamber them debate ;
Where all his Counsellors he doth exceed,
As far in Judgment, as he doth in State.

Or as the Man whom *Princes* do advance,
Upon their gracious *Mercy-seat* to fit,
Doth Common Things, of Course and Circumstance,
To the *Reports* of Common Men commit :

But when the Cause itself must be decreed,
Himself in Person, in his proper Court,
To grave and solemn Hearing doth proceed,
Of ev'ry Proof, and ev'ry By-Report.

Then, like God's Angel, he pronounceth Right,
And Milk and Honey from his Tongue doth flow :
Happy are they that still are in his Sight,
To reap the Wisdom which his Lips do sow.

Right so the *Soul*, which is a Lady free,
And doth the Justice of her *State* maintain :
Because the Senses ready Servants be,
Attending nigh about her Court, the Brain ;

By them the Forms of outward Things she learns,
For they return into the *Fantafie*,
Whatever each of them abroad discerns ;
And there inrol it for the Mind to see,

But when she sits to judge the *Good* and *Ill*,
And to discern betwixt the *False* and *True*,
She is not guided by the *Senses* Skill,
But doth each Thing in her own *Mirror* view.

Then she the *Senses* checks, which oft do err,
And ev'n against their false *Reports* decrees ;
And oft she doth condemn what they prefer ;
For with a Pow'r above the *Sense*, she sees.

Therefore no *Sense* the precious Joys conceives,
 Which in her private Contemplations be ;
 For then the ravish'd Spirit the *Senses* leaves,
 Hath her own Pow'rs, and proper Actions free,

Her Harmonies are sweet, and full of Skill,
 When on the Body's Instruments she plays ;
 But the Proportions of the *Wit* and *Will*,
 Those sweet Accords are even th' Angels Lays,

These Tunes of *Reason* are *Amphion's* Lyre,
 Wherewith he did the *Theban* City found :
 These are the Notes wherewith the Heav'nly *Choir*,
 The Praise of him which made the Heav'n, doth
 [found.

Then her *self-being* Nature shines in This,
 That she performs her *noblest* Works alone :
 " The *Work*, the Touch-Stone of the Nature is ;
 " And by their *Operations*, Things are known.



S E C T. II.

*That the SOUL is more than a Perfection, or
Reflection of the Sense.*

ARE they not senseless then, that think the Soul
Nought but a fine Perfection of the *Sense*,
Or of the Forms which *Fancy* doth inroll ;
A quick Resulting, and a Consequence ?

What is it then that doth the *Sense* accuse,
Both of false Judgment, and fond Appetites ?
What makes us do what *Sense* doth most refuse,
Which oft in Torment of the *Sense* delights ?

Sense thinks the Planets Spheres not much asunder :
What tells us then their Distance is so far ?
Sense thinks the Lightning born before the Thunder :
What tells us then they both together are ?

When Men seem Crows far off upon a Tow'r,
[them Men?
Sense faith, they're Crows: What makes us think

When we, in *Agues*, think all sweet Things sower,
What makes us know our Tongue's false Judgment
[then?

What Pow'r was that, whereby *Medea* saw,
And well approv'd, and prais'd the better Course,
When her rebellious *Sense* did so withdraw
Her feebl' Pow'rs, that she pursu'd the worse?

Did *Sense* persuade *Ulysses* not to hear
The Mermaids Songs, which so his Men did please,
That they were all persuaded, thro' the Ear,
To quit the Ship, and leap into the *Seas*?

Could any Pow'r of *Sense* the *Roman* move,
To burn his own Right-hand with Courage stout?
Could *Sense* make *Murius* sit unbound, and prove
The cruel Lancing of the knotty Gout?

Doubtless

Doubtless in *Man* there is a *Nature* found,
Beside the *Senses*, and above them far ;
“ Tho’ most Men being in sensual Pleasures drown’d,
“ It seems their *Souls* but in their *Senses* are.

If we had nought but *Sense*, then only they
Should have found *Minds*, which have their *Senses*
But *Wisdom* grows, when *Senses* do decay, [found ;
And *Folly* most in quickest *Sense* is found.

If we had nought but *Sense*, each living Wight,
Which we call *Brute*, would be more sharp than we,
As having *Sense’s apprehensive Might*,
In a more clear and excellent Degree.

But they do want that *quick discoursing Pow’r*,
Which doth in us the erring *Sense* correct ;
Therefore the *Bee* did suck the painted Flow’r,
And *Birds*, of Grapes the cunning Shadow peck’d.

Sense

Sense Outfides knows, the Soul thro' all Things sees :

Sense, *Circumstance* ; She doth the *Substance* view ;

Sense sees the Bark ; but she the Life of Trees :

Sense hears the Sounds ; but she the Concords true.

But why do I the *Soul* and *Sense* divide,

When *Sense* is but a *Pow'r*, which she extends ;

Which being in divers Parts *diversify'd*,

The divers *Forms* of Objects apprehends ?

This Power spreads outward, but the *Root* doth grow

In th'inward *Soul*, which only doth perceive ;

For th' *Eyes* and *Ears* no more their Objects know,

Than *Glasses* know what Faces they receive.

For if we chance to fix our Thoughts elsewhere,

Tho' our Eyes open be, we cannot see :

And if one *Pow'r* did not both see and hear,

Our Sights and Sounds would always double be.

Then

Then is the *Soul* a Nature, which contains
The Pow'r of *Sense*, within a greater Pow'r;
Which doth employ and use the *Sense's* Pains,
But sits and rules within her private Bow'r.



S E C T. III.

*That the Soul is more than the Temperature
of the Humours of the Body.*

IF *she* doth then the subtile *Sense* excel,
How gross are they that drown her in the Blood?
Or in the Body's Humours temper'd well;
As if in them such high Perfection stood?

As if most Skill in that *Musician* were,
Which had the best, and best tun'd *Instrument*?
As if the *Pencil* neat, and *Colours* clear,
Had Pow'r to make the *Painter* excellent?

Why

Why doth not *Beauty* then refine the *Wit*,
And good Complexion rectify the *Will*?
Why doth not *Health* bring *Wisdom* still with it?
Why doth not *Sickness* make Men brutish still?

Who can in *Memory*, or *Wit*, or *Will*,
Or *Air*, or *Fire*, or *Earth*, or *Water* find?
What Alchymist can draw, with all his Skill,
The *Quintessence* of these out of the Mind?

If th' *Elements*, which have nor *Life* nor *Sense*,
Can breed in us so great a *Pow'r* as this,
Why give they not *themselves* like Excellence,
Or other Things wherein their *Mixture* is?

If she were but the Body's Quality,
Then would she be with it *sick*, *maim'd* and *blind*;
But we perceive, where these Privations be,
An *healthy*, *perfect* and *sharp-sighted* Mind.

If she the Body's Nature did partake,
Her Strength would with the Body's Strength *decay* ;
But when the Body's strongest Sinews slack,
Then is the *Soul* most active, quick and gay.

If she were but the Body's Accident,
And her sole Being did in it subsist,
As *White in Snow*, she might herself absent,
And in the Body's Substance not be miss'd.

But *it* on *her*, not *she* on *it* depends ;
For *she* the Body doth sustain and cherish ;
Such secret Pow'rs of Life to it she lends,
That when they fail, then doth the Body perish.

Since then the *Soul* *works by herself alone*,
Springs not from Sense, nor *Humours well agreeing* ;
Her Nature is peculiar, and her own ;
She is a *Substance*, and a *perfect Being*.



S E C T. IV.

That the SOUL is a Spirit.

BUT *tho'* this Substance be the Root of *Sense*,
Sense knows her not, which doth but *Bodies*
 [know:
She is a Spirit, and Heav'nly Influence,
 Which from the Fountain of God's Spirit doth flow.

She is a Spirit, yet not like *Air*, or *Wind*;
 Nor like the *Spirits* about the *Heart*, or *Brain*;
 Nor like those *Spirits* which Alchymists do find,
 When they in ev'ry Thing seek Gold in *vain*.

For she all *Natures* under Heav'n doth pass,
 Being like those *Spirits*, which God's bright Face
 [do see;
 Or like *Himself*, whose *Image* once she was,
 Tho' now (alas!) she scarce his *Shadow* be.

For of all *Forms*, she holds the first Degree,
That are to gross, material Bodies knit;
Yet she herself is *bodyless*, and free;
And tho' confin'd, is almost infinite.

Were she a *Body*, how could she remain
Within this Body, which is less than she?
Or how could she the World's great Shape contain,
And in our narrow Breasts contained be?

All *Bodies* are confin'd within some Place,
But *she* all Place within herself confines.
All *Bodies* have their Measure, and their Space;
But who can draw the *Soul's* dimensive Lines?

No *Body* can at once two Forms admit,
Except the one the other do deface;
But in the *Soul* ten thousand Forms do fit,
And none intrudes into her Neighbour's Place.

All

All *Bodies* are with other *Bodies* fill'd,
 But she receives both *Heav'n* and *Earth* together ;
 Nor are their *Forms* by rash *Encounter* spoil'd,
 For there they stand, and neither toucheth either.

Nor can her wide *Embracements* filled be ;
 For they that most and greatest *Things* embrace,
 Enlarge thereby their *Mind's Capacity* ;
 As *Streams* enlarg'd, enlarge the *Channel's Space*.

All *Things* receiv'd, do such *Proportion* take,
 As those *Things* have, wherein they are receiv'd :
 So little *Glasses* little *Faces* make,
 And narrow *Webs* on narrow *Frames* are weav'd.

Then what vast *Body* must we make the *Mind*,
 Wherein are *Men*, *Beasts*, *Trees*, *Towns*, *Seas* and
 [Lands ;
 And yet each *Thing* a proper *Place* doth find,
 And each *Thing* in the true *Proportion* stands ?

Doubt-

Doubtless this could not be, but that she turns
Bodies to Spirits, by *Sublimation* strange;
As Fire converts to Fire the Things it burns;
As we our Meats into our Nature change.

From their gross *Matter* she abstracts the *Forms*,
And draws a kind of *Quintessence* from Things;
Which to her proper Nature she transforms,
To bear them light on her Cœlestial Wings.

This doth she, when from Things *particular*
She doth abstract the *universal Kinds*,
Which bodiless and immaterial are,
And can be only lodg'd within our Minds.

And thus from divers *Accidents* and *Acts*,
Which do within her Observation fall,
She Goddesses and Pow'rs divine abstracts;
As *Nature*, *Fortune*, and the *Virtues* all.

E

Again;

Again; How can she sev'ral *Bodies* know,
If in herself a *Body's* Form she bear?
How can a Mirror sundry Faces show,
If from all Shapes and Forms it be not clear

Nor could we by our Eyes all Colours learn,
Except our Eyes were of all Colours void;
Nor sundry Tastes can any Tongue discern,
Which is with gross and bitter Humours cloy'd.

Nor can a Man of *Passions* judge aright,
Except his Mind be from all Passions free:
Nor can a Judge his Office well acquit,
If he possess'd of either Party be.

If, lastly, this quick Pow'r a Body were,
Were it as swift as is the *Wind*, or *Fire*,
(Whose *Atoms* do the One down side-ways bear,
And th' Other make in *Pyramids* aspire.)

Her nimble Body yet in time must move,
And not in Infants thro' all Places slide :
But she is nigh and far, beneath, above,
In Point of Time, which Thought cannot divide :

She's sent as soon to *China* as to *Spain* ;
And thence returns, as soon as she is sent :
She measures with one Time, and with one Pain,
An Ell of Silk, and Heav'ns wide-spreading Tent.

As then the *Soul* a Substance hath alone,
Besides the Body, in which she is confin'd ;
So hath she not a *Body* of her own,
But is a *Spirit*, and *immaterial Mind*.

Since *Body* and *Soul* have such Diversities,
Well might we muse, how first their *Match* began ;
But that we learn, that *He* that spread the Skies,
And fix'd the Earth, first form'd the *Soul* in Man.

This true *Prometheus* first made Man of Earth,
 And shed in him a Beam of heav'nly Fire ;
 Now in their Mother's Wombs, before their Birth,
 Doth in all Sons of Men their *Souls* inspire.

And as *Minerva* is in Fables said,
 From *Jove*, without a Mother, to proceed ;
 So our true *Jove*, without a Mother's Aid,
 Doth daily Millions of *Minerva's* breed.



S E C T. V.

Erroneous Opinions of the Creation of SOULS.

THEN neither from Eternity before,
 Nor from the Time, when *Time's* first Point ^{[begun,}
 Made he all *Souls*, which now he keeps in store ;
 Some in the Moon, and others in the Sun.

Nor in a *secret Cloyster* doth he keep

These Virgin-Spirits until their *Marriage-day*;

Nor locks them up in Chambers, where they sleep,

Till they awake within these Beds of Clay.

Nor did he first a certain Number make,

Infusing Part in *Beasts*, and Part in *Men*;

And, as unwilling further Pains to take,

Would make no more than those he framed then.

So that the Widow-Soul, her *Body* dying,

Unto the next-born *Body* married was;

And so by often changing, and supplying,

Mens Souls to Beasts, and Beasts to Men did pass.

(These Thoughts are fond; for since the Bodies born

Be more in Number far, than those that die,

Thousands must be abortive and forlorn,

E'er others Deaths to them their *Souls* supply :)

But as *God's Handmaid, Nature*, doth create
Bodies in Time distinct, and Order due;
So God gives *Souls* the like successive Date,
Which *Himself* makes, in Bodies formed new :

Which *Himself* makes of no material Thing;
For unto Angels he no Pow'r hath giv'n,
Either to form the Shape, or Stuff to bring
From *Air*, or *Fire*, or *Substance of the Heav'n*.

Nor herein doth he *Nature's* Service use;
For tho' from Bodies, she can Bodies bring,
Yet could she never Souls from Souls traduce,
As Fire from Fire, or Light from Light doth spring.

S E C T.

S E C T. VI.

That the SOUL is not ex Traduce.

A L A S ! that some who were great Lights of old,
And in their Hands the Lamp of God did bear !
Some Rev'rend Fathers did this Error hold,
Having their Eyes dimmed with religious Fear.

Objection.

For when (say they) by Rule of Faith we find,
That ev'ry *Soul*, unto her *Body* knit,
Brings from the Mother's Womb the *Sin of Kind*,
The *Root* of all the *Ill* she doth commit.

How can we say that GOD the *Soul* doth make,
But we must make him Author of her Sin ?
Then from Man's *Soul* she doth Beginning take,
Since in Man's *Soul* Corruption did begin.

For if God make her first, he makes her ill,
(Which God forbid our Thoughts should yield unto)
Or makes the Body her fair Form to spill,
Which of itself it had not Pow'r to do.

Not *Adam's Body*, but his *Soul* did sin,
And so herself unto Corruption brought ;
But our poor *Soul* corrupted is within,
E'er she had finn'd, either in Act or Thought :

And yet we see in her such Pow'rs Divine,
As we could gladly think, *from God she came* ;
Fain would we make him Author of the Wine,
If for the Dregs we could some other blame.

Answer.

Thus these good Men with holy Zeal were blind,
When on the other Part the Truth did shine ;
Whereof we do clear Demonstrations find,
By Light of *Nature*, and by Light *Divine*.

None

None are so gross, as to contend for this,
That Souls from Bodies may traduced be ;
Between whose Natures no Proportion is,
When Root and Branch in Nature still agree.

But many subtile Wits have justify'd,
That *Souls* from *Souls* spiritually may spring ;
Which (if the Nature of the *Soul* be try'd)
Will ev'n in Nature prove as gross a Thing.



S E C T. VII.

Reasons drawn from Nature.

FOR all Things made are either made of nought,
Or made of Stuff that ready made doth stand ;
Of nought no Creature ever formed ought,
For that is proper to th' Almighty's Hand.

If

If then the *Soul* another *Soul* do make,
Because her Pow'r is kept within a Bound,
She must some former Stuff, or *Matter* take :
But in the *Soul* there is no *Matter* found.

Then if her heav'nly Form do not agree
With any *Matter* which the World contains,
Then she of *nothing* must created be ;
And to *create*, to God alone pertains.

Again, if *Souls* do other *Souls* beget,
'Tis by themselves, or by the Body's Pow'r :
If by themselves, what doth their Working let,
But they might *Souls* engender ev'ry Hour ?

If by the Body, how can *Wit* and *Will*
Join with the Body only in this Act,
Since when they do their other Works fulfil,
They from the Body do themselves *abstract* ?

Again,

Again, if *Souls* of *Souls* begotten were,

Into each other they should change and move :

And *Change* and *Motion* still *Corruption* bear ;

How shall we then the *Soul* immortal prove ?

If, lastly, *Souls* do Generation use,

Then should they spread incorruptible Seed :

What then becomes of that which they do lose,

When th' Acts of Generation do not speed ?

And tho' the *Soul* could cast spiritual Seed,

Yet *would* she not, because she *never dies* ;

For mortal Things desire their Like to breed,

That so they may their Kind immortalize.

Therefore the Angels, Sons of God are nam'd,

And marry not, nor are in Marriage giv'n :

Their Spirits and ours are of one *Substance* fram'd,

And have one Father, ev'n the *Lord of Heaven* :

Who

Who would at first, that in each other Thing,
The *Earth* and *Water* living *Souls* should breed,
But that *Man's Soul*, whom he would make their King,
Should from himself immediately proceed.

And when he took the *Woman* from *Man's Side*,
Doubtless himself inspir'd her *Soul* alone;
For 'tis not said, he did *Man's Soul* divide,
But took *Flesh of his Flesh, Bone of his Bone*.

Lastly, God being made Man, for Man's own Sake,
And being like Man in all, except in Sin,
His Body from the *Virgin's Womb* did take;
But all agree, God form'd his *Soul within*.

Then is the *Soul* from God; so *Pagans* say,
Which saw by *Nature's Light* her heav'nly Kind;
Naming her *Kin to God*, and God's *bright Ray*,
A Citizen of Heav'n to Earth confin'd.

But now I feel, they pluck me by the Ear,
 Whom my young *Muse* so boldly termed blind;
 And crave more heav'nly Light, that Cloud to clear;
 Which makes them think, God doth not make the
 [Mind.



S E C T. VIII.

Reasons from Divinity.

G O D doubtless makes her, and doth make her ^{[good,}
 And grafts her in the Body, there to spring;
 Which, tho' it be corrupted Flesh and Blood,
 Can no Way to the *Soul* Corruption bring:

Yet is not God the Author of her *Ill*,
 Tho' Author of her *Being*, and *being there*:
 And if we dare to judge our *Maker's* Will,
 He can condemn us, and himself can clear.

But

First,

First, God from infinite Eternity

Decreed, what hath been, is, or shall be done ;

And was resolv'd, that ev'ry Man should be,

And in his Turn, his Race of Life should run :

And so did purpose all the *Souls* to make,

That ever *have been* made, or *ever shall* ;

And that their *Being* they should only take

In Human Bodies, or not *be* at all.

Was it then fit that such a weak Event

(*Weakness itself*, the Sin and Fall of Man)

His Counsel's Execution should prevent,

Decreed and fix'd before the World began ?

Or that one *Penal Law* by *Adam* broke,

Should make God break his own *Eternal Law* ;

The settled Order of the World revoke,

And change all Forms of Things which he foresaw ?

Could

Could *Eve's* weak Hand, extended to the Tree,
In sunder rend that *Adamantine Chain*,
Whose golden Links, *Effects* and *Causes* be ;
And which to God's own Chair doth fix'd remain ?

O, could we see how Cause from Cause doth spring !
How mutually they link'd, and folded are !
And here how oft one disagreeing String
The Harmony doth rather make than mar !

And view at once, how *Death* by *Sin* is brought ;
And how from *Death*, a better *Life* doth rise !
How this God's *Justice* and his *Mercy* taught !
We this Decree would praise, as right and wise.

But we that measure Times by First and Last,
The Sight of Things *successively* do take,
When God on all at once his View doth cast,
And of all Times doth but one *Instant* make.

All

All in *Himself*, as in a *Glass*, he sees;

For *from him, by him, thro' him, all Things be*:

His Sight is not discursive, by degrees;

But seeing the whole, each single Part doth see.

He looks on *Adam*, as a *Root*, or *Well*;

And on his Heirs, as *Branches*, and as *Streams*:

He sees *all Men*, as *one Man*, tho' they dwell

In fundry Cities, and in fundry Realms.

And as the *Root* and *Branch* are but one *Tree*,

And *Well* and *Stream* do but one *River* make;

So, if the *Root* and *Well* corrupted be,

The *Stream* and *Branch* the same Corruption take.

So, when the *Root* and *Fountain* of Mankind

Did draw Corruption, and God's Curse, by Sin;

This was a Charge, that all his Heirs did bind,

And all his Off-spring grew corrupt therein.

And as when th' Hand doth strike, the Man offends,

(For *Part from whole, Law severs not in this*)

So *Adam's Sin* to the whole Kind extends :

For all their Natures are but Part of his.

Therefore this *Sin of Kind*, not personal,

But real, and hereditary was ;

The Guilt thereof, and Punishment to all,

By Course of Nature, and of Law doth pass.

For as that easy Law was giv'n to all,

To Ancestor and Heir, to First and Last ;

So was the first Transgression general ;

And all did pluck the Fruit, and all did taste.

Of this we find some Foot-steps in our Law,

Which doth her Root from God and Nature take ;

Ten thousand Men she doth together draw,

And of them all, one Corporation make :

And

F

Yet

Yet these, and their Successors, are but one ;
And if they gain, or lose their Liberties,
They harm, or profit not themselves alone,
But such as in succeeding Times shall rise.

And so the Ancestor, and all his Heirs,
Tho' they in Number pass the Stars of Heav'n,
Are still but one ; his Forfeitures are theirs,
And unto them are his Advancements giv'n.

His Civil Acts do bind and bar them all ;
And as from *Adam*, all Corruption take,
So, if the Father's Crime be *capital*,
In all the *Blood*, Law doth Corruption make.

Is it then just with us, to disinherit
Th' unborn Nephews, for the Father's Fault ;
And to advance again, for one Man's Merit,
A thousand Heirs, that have deserved nought ?

And

And is not God's Decree as just as ours,
If he, for *Adam's* Sin, his Sons deprive
Of all those native Virtues, and those Pow'rs,
Which he to him, and to his Race did give ?

For, What is this contagious Sin of Kind,
But a *Privation* of that Grace within,
And of that great rich Dowry of the Mind,
Which all had had, but for the first Man's Sin ?

If then a Man, on light Conditions, gain
A great Estate, to him, and his, for ever ;
If wilfully he forfeit it again,
Who doth bemoan his Heir, or blame the Giver ?

So, tho' God make the *Soul* good, rich and fair,
Yet when her Form is to the Body knit,
Which makes the Man, which Man is *Adam's* Heir,
Justly forthwith he takes his Grace from it :

And then the *Soul*, being first from Nothing brought,
When God's Grace fails her, doth to Nothing fall;
And this *declining Proneness unto Nought*,
Is ev'n that *Sin* that we are born withal.

Yet not alone the first good Qualities,
Which in the first *Soul* were, deprived are ;
But in their Place the contrary do rise,
And real Spots of Sin her Beauty mar.

Nor is it strange, that *Adam's* ill Desert
Should be transferr'd unto his guilty Race,
When *Christ* his Grace and Justice doth impart
To Men unjust, and such as have no Grace.

Lastly, The *Soul* were better so to be
Born Slave to Sin, than not to be at all;
Since (if she do believe) one sets her free,
That makes her mount the higher for her Fall.

Yet this the curious Wits will not content,
They yet will know (since GOD foresaw this Ill)
Why his high Providence did not prevent
The Declination of the first Man's Will.

If by his Word he had the Current stay'd
Of *Adam's* Will, which was by Nature free,
It had been One, as if his Word had said,
I will henceforth, that *Man no Man shall be*.

For what is Man without a moving Mind,
Which hath a judging *Wit*, and chusing *Will*?
Now, if GOD's Pow'r should her Election bind,
Her Motions then would cease, and stand all still.

And why did GOD in Man this *Soul* infuse,
But that he should his Maker *know* and *love*?
Now if *Love* be compell'd, and cannot chuse,
How can it grateful or thank-worthy prove?

Love must free-hearted be, and voluntary ;
And not enchanted, or by Fate constrain'd :
Nor like that Love, which did *Ulysses* carry
To *Circe's* Isle, with mighty Charms enchain'd.

Besides, Were we unchangeable in *Will*,
And of a *Wit* that nothing could mis-deem ;
Equal to God, whose Wisdom shineth still,
And never errs, we might ourselves esteem.

So that if Man would be unvariable,
He must be God, or like a Rock or Tree ;
For ev'n the perfect Angels were not stable,
But had a Fall more desperate than we.

Then let us praise that Pow'r, which makes us be
Men as we are, and rest contented so ;
And knowing Man's Fall was Curiosity,
Admire God's Counsels, which we cannot know.

And let us know that God the Maker is
Of all the *Souls*, in all the Men that be;
Yet their Corruption is no Fault of his,
But the first Man's, that broke God's first Decree.



S E C T. IX.

Why the SOUL is united to the Body.

T^{[making,} *HIS Substance, and this Spirit of God's own*
Is in the Body plac'd, and planted here,
“ That both of God and of the World partaking,
“ Of all that is, Man might the Image bear.

God first made Angels bodiless, pure Minds;
Then other Things, which mindless Bodies be;
Last, he made Man, th' *Horizon* 'twixt both Kinds,
In whom we do the World's Abridgment see.

Besides, this World below did need *one Wight*,
Which might thereof distinguish ev'ry Part ;
Make use thereof, and take therein Delight ;
And order Things with Industry and Art :

Which also God might in his Works admire,
And here beneath yield him both Pray'r and Praise;
As there, above, the holy Angels Choir
Doth spread his Glory forth with spiritual Lays.

Lastly, The Brute, unreasonable Wights,
Did want a *visible King*, o'er them to reign :
And God himself thus to the World unites,
That so the World might endless Bliss obtain.

S E C T.



S E C T. X.

In what Manner the SOUL is united to the Body.

BUT how shall we this *Union* well exprefs?
Nought ties the *Soul*, her Subtilty is such;
She moves the Body, which she doth possess,
Yet no Part toucheth, but by *Virtue's* Touch.

Then dwells she not therein as in a *Tent*,
Nor as a Pilot in his *Ship* doth fit,
Nor as the Spider in his *Web* is pent,
Nor as the Wax retains the Print in it,

Nor as a Vessel Water doth contain,
Nor as one Liquor in another shed,
Nor as the Heat doth in the Fire remain,
Nor as a Voice throughout the Air is spread:

But

But as the fair and chearful *Morning Light*

Doth here and there her Silver Beams impart,
And in an Instant doth herself unite

To the transparent Air, in all, and ev'ry Part:

Still resting whole, when Blows the Air divide ;

Abiding pure, when th' Air is most corrupted ;
Throughout th' Air, her Beams dispersing wide ;
And when the Air is tofs'd, nor interrupted :

So doth the piercing *Soul* the Body fill,

Being *all* in *all*, and all in part diffus'd ;
Indivisible, incorruptible still ;
Not forc'd, encounter'd, troubled, or confus'd.

And as the *Sun* above the Light doth bring,

Tho' we behold it in the Air below ;
So from th' Eternal Light the *Soul* doth spring,
Tho' in the Body she her Pow'rs do show.



How the SOUL exercises her Powers in the Body.

Here *Ev'n*, there *Morn*; here *Noon*, there *Day*, there
[*Night*,
Melts Wax, dries Clay, makes Flow'rs, some quick,
[some dead;
Makes the *Moor* black, the *European* white;
Th' *American* tawny, and th' *East-Indian* red:

So in our little World, this *Soul* of ours
Being only one, and to one Body ty'd,
Doth use, on divers Objects, divers Powers;
And so are her Effects diversify'd.



S E C T. XII.

The Vegetative Power of the SOUL.

HER quick'ning Pow'r in ev'ry living Part,
Doth as a Nurse or as a Mother serve,
And doth employ her *Oeconomick Art*,
And buisy Care, her Household to preserve.

Here she *attracts*, and there she doth *retain*;
There she *decocts*, and doth the Food prepare;
There she *distributes* it to ev'ry Vein,
There she *expels* what she may fitly spare.

This Pow'r to *Martba* may compared be,
Who busy was the *Household Things* to do;
Or to a *Dryas*, living in a Tree;
For ev'n to Trees this Pow'r is proper too.

And tho' the *Soul* may not this Pow'r extend
Out of the Body, but still use it there ;
She hath a Pow'r which she *abroad* doth send,
Which views and seareth all Things ev'ry where.



S E C T. XIII.

The Power of Sense.

THIS Pow'r is *Sense*, which from abroad doth
The Colour, Taste, and Touch, and Scent, and
[bring
[Sound,

The *Quantity* and *Shape* of ev'ry Thing
Within Earth's Centre, or Heav'n's Circle found.

This Pow'r, in Parts made fit, fit Objects takes ;
Yet not the Things, but *Forms* of Things receives ;
As when a Seal in Wax Impression makes,
The Print therein, but not itself it leaves.

And

And tho' Things *sensible* be numberless,
 But only Five the *Sense's* Organs be ;
 And in those Five, all Things their Forms express,
 Which we can *touch, taste, feel, or hear, or see.*

These are the Windows, thro' the which she views
 The *Light of Knowledge*, which is Life's Load-Star :
 " And yet while she these Spectacles doth use,
 " Oft worldly Things seem greater than they are.



S E C T. XIV.

Seeing.

FIRST, The two *Eyes*, which have the *Seeing* Pow'r,
 Stand as one Watchman, Spy or Sentinel,
 Being plac'd aloft, within the Head's high Tow'r ;
 And tho' both see, yet both but one Thing tell.

These

These Mirrors take into their little Space,
The Forms of *Moon* and *Sun*, and ev'ry *Star*,
Of ev'ry Body, and of ev'ry Place,
Which with the World's wide Arms embraced are :

Yet their best Object, and their noblest Use,
Hereafter in another World will be,
When God in them shall heav'nly Light infuse,
That Face to Face they may their *Maker* see.

Here are they Guides, which do the Body lead,
Which else wou'd stumble in Eternal Night :
Here in this World they do much Knowledge *read*,
And are the Casements which admit most Light :

They are her farthest reaching Instrument,
Yet they no Beams unto their Objects send ;
But all the Rays are from their Objects sent,
And in the *Eyes* with pointed Angels end.

If

If th' Objects be far off, the Rays do meet

In a sharp Point, and so Things seem but small;

If they be near, their Rays do spread and fleet,

And make broad Points, that Things seem great
[withal.

Lastly, nine Things to *Sight* required are ;

The *Power* to see, the *Light*, the *visible* Thing,

Being not too *small*, too *thin*, too *nigh*, too *far*,

Clear Space and Time, the Form distinct to bring.

Thus see we how the *Soul* doth use the Eyes,

As Instruments of her quick Pow'r of Sight;

Hence doth th' Arts *Optick*, and fair *Painting* rise ;

Painting, which doth all gentle Minds delight.

S E C T.



S E C T. XV.

Hearing.

NOW let us hear how she the *Ears* employs :
Their Office is, the troubled Air to take ;
Which in their Mazes forms a Sound or Noise,
Whereof herself doth true Distinction make.

These Wickets of the *Soul* are plac'd on high,
Because all Sounds do lightly mount aloft ;
And that they may not pierce too violently,
They are delay'd with *Turns* and *Windings* oft.

For should the Voice directly strike the Brain,
It would astonish and confuse it much ;

T. Therefore these Plaits and Folds the Sound restrain,
That it the *Organ* may more gently touch.

G

As

As Streams, which with their winding Banks do play,
Stopp'd by their Creeks, run softly thro' the Plain:
So in th' Ear's *Labyrinth* the Voice doth stray,
And doth with *easy* Motion touch the Brain.

This is the slowest, yet the daintiest *Sense* ;
For ev'n the *Ears* of such as have no Skill,
Perceive a Discord, and conceive Offence ;
And knowing not what's *good*, yet find the *Ill*.

And tho' this *Sense* first gentle Musick found,
Her proper Object is *the Speech of Men* ;
But that Speech chiefly which God's Heralds Sound,
When their Tongues utter what his Spirit did pen.

Our *Eyes* have Lids, our *Eyes* still ope we see,
Quickly to hear how ev'ry Tale is prov'd :
Our *Eyes* still move, our *Ears* unmoved be ;
That tho' we hear quick, we be not quickly mov'd.

Thus

Thus by the Organs of the *Eye* and *Ear*,
The *Soul* with Knowledge doth herself endue :
“ Thus she her *Prison* may with Pleasure bear,
“ Having such *Prospects*, all the World to view:

These *Conduit-pipes* of Knowledge feed the Mind,
But th’ other three attend the Body still ;
For by their Services the *Soul* doth find,
What Things are to the Body good or ill,



S E C T. XVI.

Taste.

THE *Body's* Life with Meats and Air is fed,
Therefore the *Soul* doth use the *Tasting* Pow'r
In Veins, which thro' the Tongue and Palate spread,
Distinguish ev'ry Relish, Sweet, and Sow'r.

This is the Body's *Nurse*; but since Man's Wit
 Found th' Art of *Cook'ry* to delight his *Sense*,
 More Bodies are consum'd and kill'd with it,
 Than with the Sword, Famine, or Pestilence.



S E C T. XVII.

Smelling.

NEXT, In the Nostrils she doth use the *Smell*
 As GOD the *Breath of Life* in them did give
 So makes he now this Pow'r in them to dwell,
 To judge all *Airs*, whereby we *breath* and *live*.

This *Sense* is also Mistress of an Art,
 Which to soft People sweet Perfumes doth sell;
 Tho' this dear Art doth little Good impart,
 " Since They smell best, that do of nothing smell.

And yet good *Scents* do purify the Brain,
Awake the Fancy, and the Wits refine :
Hence old *Devotion Incense* did ordain,
To make Men's Spirits more apt for Thoughts Divine.



S E C T. XVIII.

Feeling.

L Astly, *The Feeling Pow'r*, which is Life's Root,
Thro' ev'ry living Part itself doth shed,
By *Sinews*, which extend from Head to Foot ;
And, like a Net, all o'er the Body spread.

Much like a subtile Spider, which doth sit
In middle of her Web, which spreadeth wide ;
If ought do touch the utmost *Tbread* of it,
She *feels* it instantly on ev'ry Side.

By *Touch*, the first pure Qualities we learn,
 Which quicken all Things, *hot, cold, moist, and dry*:
 By *Touch*, *hard, soft, rough, smooth*, we do discern:
 By *Touch*, *sweet Pleasure, and sharp Pain*, we try.



S E C T. XIX.

Of the Imagination, or Common Sense.

THese are the outward Instruments of *Sense*;
 These are the *Guards* which ev'ry Thing
 [must pass,

E'er it approach the Mind's Intelligence,
 Or touch the Fantasy, *Wit's Looking-Glass*.

And yet these Porters, which all Things admit,
 Themselves perceive not, nor discern the Things:
 One *common Pow'r* doth in the *Forehead* sit,
 Which all their proper *Forms* together brings.

For

For all those *Nerves*, which *Spirits of Sense* do bear,
And to those outward *Organs* spreading go,
United are, as in a *Centre*, there;
And there this *Pow'r* those fundry *Forms* doth know.

Those outward *Organs* present Things receive,
This inward *Sense* doth absent Things retain;
Yet strait transmits all *Forms* she doth perceive,
Unto an higher Region of the *Brain*.



S E C T. XX.

Fantasy.

W Here *Fantasy*, near *Hand-maid* to the Mind,
Sits, and beholds, and doth discern them all;
Compounds in one Things diff'rent in their Kind;
Compares the Black and White, the Great and Small.

Besides, those single Forms she doth esteem,
 And in her Ballance doth their Values try;
 Where some Things good, and some Things ill do seem,
 And neutral some, in her *fantastick Eye*.

This busy Pow'r is working Day and Night;
 For when the outward *Senses* Rest do take,
 A Thousand Dreams, fantastical and light,
 With flutt'ring Wings, do keep her still awake,



SECT. XXI.

Sensitive Memory.

YET always all may not afore her be;
 Successively she This and That intends;
 Therefore such Forms as she doth cease to see,
 To *Memory's* large Volume she commends.

This

This *Ledger-Book* lies in the Brain behind,
Like *Janus* Eye, which in his Poll was fet :
The *Lay-man's Tables*, *Store-house of the Mind* ;
Which doth remember much, and much forget.

Here *Sense's Apprehension* End doth take ;
As when a Stone is into Water cast,
One Circle doth another Circle make,
Till the last Circle touch the Bank at last.



S E C T. XXII.

The Passion of the Sense.

BUT tho' the *Apprehensive Pow'r* do pause,
The *Motive* Virtue then begins to move ;
Which in the Heart below doth *Passions* cause,
Joy, *Grief*, and *Fear*, and *Hope*, and *Hate*, and *Love*.

These

These Passions have a free commanding Might,
 And divers Actions in our Life do breed ;
 For all Acts done without true *Reason's* Light,
 Do from the *Passion* of the *Sense* proceed.

But since the *Brain* doth lodge the Pow'rs of *Sense*,
 How makes it in the *Heart* those Passions spring ?
 The mutual Love, the kind *Intelligence*
 'Twixt *Heart* and *Brain*, this *Sympathy* doth bring.

From the kind Heat, which in the *Heart* doth reign,
 The *Spirits* of Life do their Beginning take ;
 These *Spirits* of Life ascending to the *Brain*,
 When they come there, the *Spirits of Sense* do make.

These *Spirits* of *Sense*, in *Fantasy's* high Court,
 Judge of the Forms of *Objects*, ill or well ;
 And so they send a good or ill Report
 Down to the *Heart*, where all *Affections* dwell.

If the Report be *good*, it causeth *Love*,
And longing *Hope*, and well assured *Joy*:
If it be *ill*, then doth it *Hatred* move,
And trembling *Fear*, and vexing *Griefs* annoy.

Yet were these natural Affections good,
(For they which want them, *Blocks* or *Devils* be)
If *Reason* in her first Perfection stood,
That she might *Nature's* Passions rectify.



S E C T. XXIII.

Local Motion.

BEfides, another *Motive*-Power doth arise
Out of the Heart, from whose pure Blood do
The *Vital Spirits*; which born in *Arteries*, [spring
Continual Motion to all Parts do bring.

This

This makes the Pulses beat, and Lungs respire ;

'This holds the Sinews like a Bridle's Reins ;

And makes the Body to advance, retire,

To turn, or stop, as she them slacks, or strains.

Thus the *Soul* tunes the *Body's* Instruments,

These Harmonies she makes with *Life* and *Sense* ;

The Organs fit are by the Body lent,

But th' *Actions* flow from the *Soul's* Influence.



S E C T. XXIV.

The Intellectual Powers of the SOUL.

BUT *now* I have a *Will*, yet want a *Wit*,
 T' exprefs the working of the *Wit* and *Will* ;
 Which, tho' their *Root* be to the Body knit,
 Use not the Body, when they use their *Skill*.

These

These Pow'rs the Nature of the *Soul* declare,
 For to Man's *Soul* these only proper be ;
 For on the Earth no other Wights there are,
 That have these Heav'nly Pow'rs, but only we.



S E C T. XXV.

Wit, Reason, Understanding, Opinion, Judgment, Wisdom.

THE *Wit*, the Pupil of the *Soul's* clear Eye,
 And in Man's World, the only shining *Star* ;
 Look in the *Mirror* of the *Fantasy*,
 Where all the *Gath'nings* of the *Senses* are.

From thence this *Pow'r* the *Shapes* of Things abstracts,
 And them within her *Passive Part* receives,
 Which are enlightned by that Part which *Acts* ;
 And so the *Forms* of single Things perceives.

But

But after, by discoursing to and fro,
 Anticipating, and comparing Things,
 She doth all *Universal* Natures know,
 And all *Effects* into their *Causes* brings.

When she *rates* Things, and moves from *Ground* to
 The Name of *Reason* she obtains by this :
 But when by Reason she the Truth hath found,
 And *standeth fix'd*, the *Understanding* is.

When her Assent she *lightly* doth incline
 To either Part, she has *Opinion's Light* :
 But when she doth by Principles define
 A certain *Truth*, she hath *true Judgment's* Sight.

And as from *Senses*, *Reason's* Work doth spring,
 So many *Reasons Understanding* gain ;
 And many *Understandings Knowledge* bring,
 And by much *Knowledge, Wisdom* we obtain.

So,

So, many Stairs we must ascend upright,
E'er we attain to *Wisdom's* high Degree :
So doth this Earth eclipse our Reason's Light,
Which else (in *Instances*) would like Angels see.



S E C T. XXVI.

Innate Ideas in the SOUL.

YET hath the *Soul* a Dowry natural,
And *Sparks of Light*, some common Things
Not being a Blank where Nought is writ at all, [to see;
But what the Writer will, may written be.

For Nature in Man's Heart her Laws doth pen,
Prescribing *Truth* to *Wit*, and *Good* to *Will*;
Which do *accuse*, or else *excuse* all Men,
For ev'ry Thought or Practice, good or ill :

And

And yet these Sparks grow almost infinite,
 Making the World, and all therein, their Food;
 As Fire so spreads, as no Place holdeth it,
 Being nourish'd still with new *Supplies* of Wood.

And tho' these Sparks were almost quench'd with Sin,
 Yet they whom that *just One* hath justify'd,
 Have them increas'd with heav'nly Light within;
 And like the *Widow's Oil*, still multiply'd.



S E C T. XXVII.

*The Power of Will, and Relation between the
 Wit and Will.*

AN D as this *Wit* should *Goodness* truly know,
 We have a *Will*, which that true Good should
 Tho' *Will* do oft (when *Wit* false Forms doth show) ^{[chuse,}

Take *Ill* for *Good*, and *Good* for *Ill* refuse.

Will

Will puts in practice what the *Wit* deviseth :

Will ever acts, and *Wit* contemplates still :

And as from *Wit*, the Pow'r of *Wisdom* riseth,

All other Virtues Daughters are of *Will*.

Will is the *Prince*, and *Wit* the *Counsellor*,

Which doth for *common Good* in Council sit ;

And when *Wit* is resolv'd, *Will* lends her Pow'r

To execute what is advis'd by *Wit*.

Wit is the Mind's chief Judge, which doth controul

Of *Fancy's* Court the Judgments false and vain :

Will holds the Royal Sceptre in the *Soul*,

And on the *Passions* of the Heart doth reign.

Will is as free as any *Emperor*,

Nought can restrain her *gentle Liberty* :

No Tyrant, nor no Torment hath the Pow'r

To make us *will*, when we unwilling be.



S E C T. XXVIII.

The Intellectual Memory.

TO these high Pow'rs a *Store-house* doth pertain,
 Where they all Arts, and gen'ral Reasons lay;
 Which in the *Soul*, ev'n after *Death*, remain,
 And no *Lethæan* Flood can wash away.



S E C T. XXIX.

*The Dependency of the SOUL's Faculties
 upon each other.*

THIS is the *Soul*, and these her *Virtues* be ;
 Which, tho' they have their sundry proper
 And one exceeds another in *Degree*,
 Yet each *on other* mutually depends.

Our Wit is giv'n, *Almighty God* to know;

Our Will is giv'n to love him, being known:

But *God* could not be known to us below,

But by his *Works*, which thro' the *Sense* are shown.

And as the *Wit* doth reap the Fruits of *Sense*,

So doth the quick'ning Pow'r the *Senses* feed:

Thus while they do their fundry Gifts dispense,

“ The Best the Service of the Least doth need.

Ev'n so the King his Magistrates do serve,

Yet Commons feed both Magistrates and King:

The Common's Peace the Magistrate's preserve,

By borrow'd Pow'r, which from the Prince doth
[spring.

The quick'ning Pow'r would be, and so would rest;

The *Sense* would not be only, but be well:

But *Wit's* Ambition longeth to the best,

For it desires in endless Bliss to dwell.

And these three Pow'rs, three Sorts of Men do make ;
 For some, like Plants, their Veins do only fill ;
 And some, like Beasts, their Senses Pleasure take ;
 And some, like Angels, do contemplate still.

Therefore the Fables turn'd some Men to Flow'rs,
 And others did with brutish Forms invest,
 And did of others make Celestial Pow'rs,
 Like Angels, which still travel, yet still rest.

Yet these Three Pow'rs are not Three *Souls*, but One ;
 As One and Two are both contain'd in *Three* ;
Three b'ing one Number by itself alone,
 A Shadow of the blessed Trinity.

Oh! *What* is Man (great Maker of Mankind !)
 That thou to him so great Respect dost bear !
 That thou adorn'st him with so bright a Mind,
 Mak'st him a King, and ev'n an Angel's Peer !

Oh! What a lively Life, what heav'nly Pow'r,
What spreading Virtue, what a sparkling Fire,
How great, how plentiful, how rich a Dow'r
Dost thou within this dying Flesh inspire!

Thou leav'st thy Print in other Works of thine;
But thy whole Image thou in Man hast writ:
There cannot be a Creature more divine,
Except (like thee) it should be infinite.

But it exceeds Man's Thought, to think how high
God hath rais'd *Man*, since God a *Man* became:
The Angels do admire this *Mystery*,
And are astonish'd when they view the same.

Nor hath he giv'n these Blessings for a Day,
Nor made them on the Body's Life depend;
The *Soul*, tho' made in Time, *survives for ay*;
And tho' it hath Beginning, sees no End.



S E C T. XXX.

That the SOUL is Immortal, proved by several Reasons.

HER only *End*, is *Never-ending* Bliss;
 Which is, *the Eternal Face of GOD to see*;
 Who, *Last of Ends*, and *First of Causes* is:
 And to do this, she must *Eternal* be.

How senseless then, and dead a *Soul* hath he,
 Who *thinks* his *Soul* doth with his *Body* die:
 Or *thinks* not so, but so would have it be,
 That he might sin with more *Security*?

For tho' these light and vicious *Persons* say,
 Our *Soul* is but a *Smoak*, or airy *Blast*,
 Which, during *Life*, doth in her *Nostrils* play,
 And when we die, doth turn to *Wind* at last:

Altho'

Altho' they say, *Come, let us eat and drink?*

Our Life is but a Spark, which quickly dies :

Tho' thus they *say*, they know not what to *think*;

But in their Minds ten Thousand Doubts arise.

Therefore no Hereticks desire to spread

Their light Opinions, like these *Epicures*;

For so their stagg'ring Thoughts are comforted,

And other Mens Assent their Doubt assures.

Yet tho' these Men against their Conscience strive,

There are some Sparkles in their flinty Breasts,

Which cannot be extinct, but still revive;

That tho' they would, they cannot quite be *Beasts*.

But whofo makes a Mirror of his Mind,

And doth with Patience view himself therein,

His *Soul's* Eternity shall clearly find,

Tho' th' other Beauties be defac'd with Sin.

R E A S O N I.

First, in Man's Mind we find an Appetite
To learn and know the Truth of ev'ry Thing,
Which is co-natural, and born with it,
And from the *Effence* of the *Soul* doth spring.

With this *Desire*, she hath a native *Might*
To find out ev'ry Truth, if she had Time;
Th' innumerable Effects to sort aright,
And by Degrees, from Cause to Cause to climb.

But since our Life so fast away doth slide,
As doth an hungry Eagle thro' the Wind;
Or as a Ship transported with the Tide,
Which in their Passage leave no Print behind;

Of which swift little Time so much we spend,
While some few Things we thro' the Sense do strain,
That our short Race of Life is at an End,
E'er we the Principles of Skill attain.

Or

Or God (who to vain Ends hath nothing done)

In vain this *Appetite* and *Pow'r* hath giv'n ;

Or else our Knowledge, which is here begun, .

Hereafter must be perfected in Heav'n.

God never gave a *Pow'r* to one whole Kind,

But most Part of that Kind did use the same :

Most Eyes have perfect Sight, tho' some be blind ;

Most Legs can nimbly run, tho' some be lame.

But in this Life no *Soul* the Truth can know

So perfectly, as it hath *Pow'r* to do :

If then Perfection be not found below,

An higher Place must make her mount thereto.

R E A S O N 2.

Again, How can she but Immortal be,

When with the Motions of both *Will* and *Wit*,

She still aspireth to Eternity,

And never rests, till she attains to it ?

Water in Conduit-pipes can rise no higher
Than the Well-head from whence it first doth spring:
Then since to Eternal God she doth aspire,
She cannot be but an Eternal Thing.

“ All moving Things to other Things do move,
“ Of the same Kind, which shews their Nature such:
So *Earth* falls down, and *Fire* doth mount above,
Till both their proper Elements do touch.

And as the Moisture, which the thirsty Earth
Sucks from the Sea, to fill her empty Veins,
From out her Womb at last doth take a Birth,
And runs a *Nymph* along the grassy Plains :

Long doth she stay, as loth to leave the Land,
From whose soft Side she first did issue make :
She tastes all Places, turns to ev'ry Hand,
Her flow'ry Banks unwilling to forsake :

Yet

Yet *Nature* so her Streams doth lead and carry,

As that her Course doth make no final Stay,

Till she herself unto the *Ocean* marry,

Within whose watry Bosom first she lay.

Ev'n so the *Soul*, which in this Earthly Mould

The Spirit of God doth secretly infuse,

Because at first she doth the Earth behold,

And only this material World she views :

At first her *Mother-Earth* she holdeth dear,

And doth embrace the World, and worldly Things ;

She flies close by the Ground, and hovers here,

And mounts not up with her Celestial Wings :

Yet under Heaven she cannot light on ought,

That with her heav'nly *Nature* doth agree ;

She cannot rest, she cannot fix her Thought,

She cannot in this World contented be.

For

For who did ever yet, in Honour, Wealth,

Or Pleasure of the Sense, Contentment find ?

Who ever ceas'd to wish, when he had Health ?

Or having Wisdom, was not vex'd in Mind ?

Then as a Bee, which among Weeds doth fall,

Which seem sweet Flow'rs, with Lustre fresh and gay ;

She lights on that, and this, and tasteth all ;

But pleas'd with none, doth rise, and soar away :

So, when the Soul finds here no true Content,

And, like Noah's Dove, can no sure Footing take,

She doth return from whence she first was sent,

And flies to him that first her Wings did make.

Wit, seeing Truth, from Cause to Cause ascends,

And never rests, till it the first attain :

Will, seeking Good, finds many middle Ends ;

But never stays, till it the last do gain.

Now

Now GOD the *Truth*, and *First of Causes* is ;

GOD is the *last good End*, which lasteth still ;

Being *Alpha* and *Omega* nam'd for this ;

Alpha to *Wit*, *Omega* to the *Will*.

Since then her heav'nly Kind she doth display,

In that to GOD she doth directly move ;

And on no mortal Thing can make her Stay,

She cannot be from hence, but from *above*.

And yet this *first true Cause*, and *last good End*,

She cannot here so *well*, and *truly* see ;

For this Perfection she must yet attend,

Till to her *Maker* she espoused be.

As a *King's* Daughter, being in Person sought

Of divers Princes, who do neighbour near ;

Or none of them can fix a constant Thought,

Tho' she to all do lend a gentle Ear :

Ye:

Yet can she love a foreign *Emperor*,
Whom of great Worth and Pow'r she hears to be,
If she be woo'd but by *Ambassador*,
Or but his *Letters*, or his *Pictures* see :

For well she knows, that when she shall be brought
Into the *Kingdom* where her *Spouse* doth reign ;
Her Eyes shall see what she conceiv'd in Thought,
Himself, his State, his Glory, and his Train.

So while the *Virgin-Soul* on *Earth* doth stay,
She woo'd and tempted is ten thousand Ways,
By these great Pow'rs, which on the Earth bear sway,
The *Wisdom* of the *World*, *Wealth*, *Pleasure*, *Praise* :

With these sometimes she doth her Time beguile,
These do by Fits her *Fantasie* possess ;
But she distastes them all within a while,
And in the sweetest finds a *Tediousness*.

But

But if upon the World's Almighty King
She once doth fix her humble loving Thought,
Who by his *Picture* drawn in ev'ry Thing,
And *sacred Messages*, her *Love* hath sought;

Of him she thinks she cannot think too much;
This Honey tasted, still is ever sweet;
The Pleasure of her ravish'd Thought is such,
As almost here she with her Bliss doth meet:

But when in Heav'n she shall his *Essence* see,
This is her *so-v'reign Good*, and *perfect Bliss*;
Her Longing, Wishings, Hopes, all finish'd be;
Her Joys are full, her Motions rest in this:

There is she crown'd with Garlands of *Content*;
There doth she Manna eat, and Nectar drink:
That Presence doth such high Delights present,
As never Tongue could speak, nor Heart could think.

REASON 3.

For *this*, the better *Souls* do oft despise
The Body's Death, and do it oft desire ;
For when on Ground the burden'd Ballance lies,
The empty Part is lifted up the higher :

But if the Body's Death the *Soul* should kill,
Then Death must needs *against her Nature* be ;
And were it so, all *Souls* would fly it still,
For Nature hates and shuns her Contrary.

For all Things else, which Nature makes to be,
Their *Being* to preserve, are chiefly taught ;
And tho' some Things desire a Change to see,
Yet never Thing did long to turn to nought.

If then by Death the *Soul* were quenched quite,
She could not thus *against her Nature* run ;
Since ev'ry senseless Thing, by Nature's Light,
Doth Preservation seek, Destruction shun.

Nor could the World's best Spirits so much err,

If Death took all, that they should all agree,
Before this Life, their *Honour* to prefer :

For what is Praise to Things that nothing be ?

Again, if by the Body's Prop she stand ;

If on the Body's Life, her Life depend,
As *Meleagers* on the fatal Brand,

The Body's Good she only would intend :

We should not find her half so brave and bold,

To lead it to the Wars, and to the Seas,
To make it suffer Watchings, Hunger, Cold,
When it might feed with Plenty, rest with Ease.

Doubtless, all *Souls* have a surviving Thought,

Therefore of Death we think with quiet Mind ;
But if we think of *being turn'd to Nought*,
A trembling Horror in our *Souls* we find.

I

REASON

REASON 4.

*And as the better Spirit, when she doth bear
A Scorn of Death, doth shew she cannot die ;
So when the wicked Soul Death's Face doth fear,
Ev'n then she proves her own Eternity.*

*For when Death's Form appears, she feareth not
An utter quenching, or extinguishment ;
She would be glad to meet with such a Lot,
That so she might all future Ill prevent :*

*But she doth doubt what after may befall ;
For Nature's Law accuseth her within,
And faith, 'Tis true what is affirm'd by all,
That after Death there is a Pain for Sin.*

*Then she who hath been hood-wink'd from her Birth,
Doth first herself within Death's Mirrour see ;
And when her Body doth return to Earth,
She first takes Care, how she alone shall be.*

Who ever sees these irreligious Men,
With Burthen of a Sicknefs weak and faint,
But hears them talking of Religion then,
And vowing of their *Souls* to ev'ry Saint?

When was there ever cursed *Atheist* brought
Unto the *Gibbet*, but he did adore
That blessed Pow'r, which he had fet at nought,
Scorn'd and blasphemed all his Life before?

These light vain Persons still are drunk and mad,
With Surfeitings, and Pleasures of their Youth;
But at their Death they are fresh, sober, sad;
Then they discern, and then they speak the Truth.

If then all *Souls*, both good and bad, do teach,
With gen'ral Voice, That *Souls* can never die;
'Tis not Man's flatt'ring Glos, but *Nature's Speech*,
Which, like God's Oracles, can never lye.

REASON 5:

Hence springs that universal strong Desire,

Which all Men have of Immortality :

Not some few Spirits unto this Thought aspire,

But all Mens Minds in this united be.

Then this Desire of Nature is not vain,

“ She covets not Impossibilities ;

“ Fond Thoughts may fall into some idle Brain,

“ But one *Affent* of all is ever wise.”

From hence that gen’ral Care and Study springs,

That *Launching*, and *Progression of the Mind*,

Which all Men have so much of future Things,

That they no Joy do in the present find.

From this Desire, that main Desire proceeds,

Which all Men have surviving Fame to gain,

By *Tombs*, by *Books*, by memorable *Deeds* ;

For she that this desires, doth still remain.

Hence,

Hence, lastly, springs Care of Posterities,

For Things their Kind would everlasting make :

Hence is it, that old Men do plant young Trees,

The Fruit whereof another Age shall take.

If we these Rules unto ourselves apply,

And view them by Reflection of the Mind,

All these true Notes of Immortality

In our *Heart's Tables* we shall written find.

R E A S O N 6.

And tho' some impious Wits do Questions move,

And doubt if *Souls* immortal be, or no ;

That *Doubt* their Immortality doth prove,

Because they seem immortal Things to know.

For he who Reasons on both Parts doth bring,

Doth some Things mortal, some immortal call ;

Now, if himself were but a mortal Thing,

He could not judge immortal Things at all.

For when we judge, our Minds we Mirrors make;
And as those Glasses which material be,
Forms of material Things do only take;
For *Thoughts* or *Minds* in them we cannot see:

So when we God and Angels do conceive,
And think of *Truth*, which is eternal too;
Then do our Minds immortal Forms receive,
Which if they mortal were, they could not do.

And as if Beasts conceiv'd what Reason were,
And that Conception should distinctly show,
They should the Name of *Reasonable* bear;
For without *Reason*, none could *Reason* know:

So when the *Soul* mounts with so high a Wing,
As of Eternal Things she Doubts can move;
She Proofs of her Eternity doth bring,
Ev'n when she strives the contrary to prove.

For

For ev'n the *Thought* of Immortality,
Being an Act done without the Body's Aid,
Shews, that herself alone could move and be,
Altho' the Body in the Grave were laid.



S E C T. XXXI.

That the SOUL cannot be destroy'd.

AND if herself she can so lively move,
And never need a Foreign Help to take;
Then must her Motion everlasting prove,
“ Because herself she never can forsake.”

But tho' Corruption cannot touch the Mind
By any Cause that from itself may spring,
Some outward Cause Fate hath perhaps design'd,
Which to the *Soul* may utter quenching bring.

Perhaps her Cause may cease, and she may die :

God is her *Cause*, his *Word* her Maker was ;

Which shall stand fix'd for all Eternity,

When Heav'n and Earth shall like a Shadow pass.

Perhaps some Thing repugnant to her Kind,

By strong *Antipathy*, the *Soul* may kill :

But what can be *Contrary* to the Mind,

Which holds all *contraries* in Concord still ?

She lodgeth Heat, and Cold, and Moist, and Dry,

And Life, and Death, and Peace, and War together ;

Ten Thousand fighting Things in her do lie,

Yet neither troubleth, or disturbeth either.

Perhaps for want of Food, the *Soul* may pine ;

But that were strange, since all Things *bad* and *good*,

Since all God's Creatures, *Mortal* and *Divine*,

Since God *himself* is her eternal Food.

Bodies

Bodies are fed with Things of mortal Kind,

And so are subject to Mortality :

But *Truth*, which is eternal, feeds the Mind ;

The *Tree of Life*, which will not let her die.

Yet *Violence* perhaps the *Soul* destroys,

As Lightning, or the *Sun-beams* dim the Sight ;

Or as a Thunder-clap, or Cannon's Noise,

The Pow'r of Hearing doth astonish quite ;

But high Perfection to the *Soul* it brings,

T' encounter Things most excellent and high ;

For, when she views the best and greatest Things,

They do not hurt, but rather clear the Eye.

Besides, as *Homer's Gods*, 'gainst Armies stand,

Her subtile Form can thro' all Dangers slide ;

Bodies are Captive, *Minds* endure no Band ;

“ And Will is free, and can no Force abide.”

But

But lastly, Time perhaps at last hath Pow'r
 To spend her lively Pow'rs, and quench her Light ;
 But old God *Saturn*, which doth all devour,
 Doth cherish her, and still augment her Might.

Heav'n waxeth old, and all the *Spheres* above
 Shall one Day faint, and their swift Motion stay ;
 And *Time* itself, in time shall cease to move ;
Only the Soul survives, and lives for ay.

" Our Bodies, ev'ry Footstep that they make,
 " March towards Death, until at last they die :
 " Whether we work or play, or sleep or wake,
 " Our Life doth pass, and with *Time's* Wings doth
 [fly :"

But to the *Soul*, Time doth Perfection give,
 And adds fresh Lustre to her Beauty still ;
 And makes her in eternal Youth to live,
 Like her which Nectar to the Gods doth fill.

The

The more she lives, the more she feeds on *Truth*;
The more she feeds, her *Strength* doth more increase:
And what is *Strength*, but an Effect of *Youth*,
Which if *Time* nurse, how can it ever cease?



S E C T. XXXII.

Objections *against the Immortality of the*
SOUL, with their respective Answers.

BUT now these *Epicures* begin to smile,
And say, My Doctrine is more safe than true;
And that I fondly do myself beguile,
While these receiv'd Opinions I ensue.

For, what, say they? Doth not the *Soul* wax old?
How comes it then that Aged Men do dote;
And that their Brains grow sottish, dull and cold,
Which were in Youth the only Spirits of note?

What

What? Are not *Souls* within themselves corrupted?

How can there Idiots then by Nature be?

How is it that some Wits are interrupted,

That now they dazled are, now clearly see?

These Questions make a subtile Argument,

To such as think both *Sense* and *Reason* One;

To whom nor Agent, from the Instrument,

Nor Pow'r of Working, from the Work is known.

But they that know that Wit can shew no Skill,

But when the Things in *Sense's* *Glas*s doth view,

Do know, if Accident this Glas do spill,

It *nothing* sees, or *sees the false* for true.

For, if that Region of the tender Brain,

Where th' inward Sense of Fantasy should fit,

And th' outward Senses, Gath'ring should retain;

By Nature, or by Chance, become unfit:

Either

Either at first incapable it is,
And so few Things, or none at all receives :
Or mar'd by Accident, which haps amifs,
And so amifs it ev'ry Thing perceives.

Then, as a cunning Prince that useth *Spies*,
If they return no News, doth nothing know ;
But if they make Advertifement of Lies,
The Prince's Councils all awry do go :

Ev'n so the *Soul* to fuch a Body knit,
Whose inward Senses undisposed be ;
And to receive the Forms of Things unfit,
Where nothing is brought in, can nothing fee.

This makes the Idiot, which hath yet a Mind,
Able to *know* the Truth, and *chuse* the Good :
If she fuch Figures in the Brain did find,
As might be found, if it in Temper stood,

But

But if a *Phrensy* do possess the Brain,

It so disturbs and blots the Forms of Things,

As Fantasy proves altogether vain,

And to the Wit no true Relation brings.

Then doth the Wit, admitting all for true,

Build fond Conclusions on those idle Grounds :

Then doth it fly the Good, and Ill pursue ;

Believing all that this false *Spy* propounds.

But purge the Humours, and the Rage appease,

Which this Distemper in the Fancy wrought ;

Then shall the *Wit*, which never had Disease,

Discourse, and judge discreetly, as it ought.

So, tho' the Clouds eclipse the *Sun's* fair Light,

Yet from his Face they do not take one Beam ;

So have our Eyes their perfect Pow'r of Sight,

Ev'n when they look into a troubled Stream.

Then

Then these Defects in *Sense's* Organs be ;
Not in the *Soul*, or in her working Might :
She cannot lose her perfect Pow'r to see,
Tho' Mists and Clouds do choak her Window-Light.

These Imperfections then we must impute,
Not to the Agent, but the Instrument :
We must not blame *Apollo*, but his Lute,
If false Accords from her false Strings be sent.

The *Soul* in all hath one Intelligence ;
Tho' too much Moisture in an Infant's Brain,
And too much Driness in an old Man's Sense,
Cannot the Prints of outward Things retain.

Then doth the *Soul* want Work, and idle sit,
And this we *Childishness* and *Dotage* call ;
Yet hath she then a quick and active Wit,
If she had Stuff and Tools to work withal :

For,

For, give her Organs fit, and Objects fair ;

Give but the aged Man the young Man's Sense ;

Let but *Medea Æson's* Youth repair,

And straight she shews her wonted Excellence.

As a good Harper, stricken far in Years,

Into whose cunning Hands the Gout doth fall,

All his old Crotchets in his Brain he bears,

But on his Harp plays ill, or not at all.

But if *Apollo* takes his Gout away,

That he his nimble Fingers may apply ;

Apollo's self will envy at his Play,

And all the World applaud his Minstralsy.

Then *Dotage* is no Weakness of the Mind,

But of the *Sense* ; for if the Mind did waste,

In all old Men we should this wasting find,

When they some certain Term of Years had pass'd :

But

But most of them, ev'n to their dying Hour,
Retain a Mind more lively, quick and strong;
And better use their understanding Pow'r,
Than when their Brains were warm, and Limbs
[were young.

For, tho' the Body wasted be, and weak,
And tho' the Leaden Form of Earth it bears;
Yet when we hear that half-dead Body speak,
We oft are ravish'd to the heav'nly *Spheres*.

Yet say these Men, If all her Organs die,
Then hath the *Soul* no Pow'r her Pow'rs to use:
So, in a fort, her Pow'rs extinct do lie,
When unto *AE* she cannot them reduce.

And if her Pow'rs be dead, then what is she?
For since from ev'ry Thing some *Pow'rs* do spring;
And from those Pow'rs, some *AEs* proceeding be;
Then kill both *Pow'r* and *AE*, and kill the Thing.

Doubtless, the Body's Death, when once it dies,
The Instruments of Sense and Life doth kill;
So that she cannot use those Faculties,
Altho' their Root rest in her Substance still.

But (as the Body living) *Wit* and *Will*
Can *judge* and *chuse*, without the Body's Aid;
Tho' on such Objects they are working still,
As thro' the Body's Organs are convey'd:

So, when the Body serves her turn no more,
And all her *Senses* are extinct and gone,
She can discourse of what she learn'd before,
In heav'nly Contemplations, all alone.

So, if one Man well on the Lute doth play,
And have good Horfemanship, and Learning Skill;
Tho' both his Lute and Horfe we take away,
Doth he not keep his former Learning still?

He

He keeps it, doubtless, and can use it too ;

And doth both th'other *Skills* in Pow'r retain ;
And can of both the proper Actions do,
If with his Lute or Horse he meet again.

So tho' the Instruments, (by which we live,
And view the World) the Body's Death do kill ;
Yet with the Body they shall all revive,
And all their wonted Offices fulfil.

But how, till then, shall she herself employ ?

Her Spies are dead, which brought home News be-
[fore :
What she hath got, and keeps, she may enjoy,
But she hath Means to understand no more.

Then what do those poor *Souls*, which nothing get ?

Or what do those which get, and cannot keep ?
Like Buckets bottomless, which all out-let,
Those *Souls*, for want of Exercise, must sleep.

See how Man's *Soul* against itself doth strive :

Why should we not have other Means to know ?
As Children, while within the Womb they live,
Feed by the Navil: Here they feed not so.

These Children, if they had some use of *Sense*,
And should by chance their Mother's Talking hear,
That in short Time they shall come forth from thence,
Would fear their Birth, more than our Death we
[fear.

They would cry out, If we this Place shall leave,
Then shall we break our tender Navil-strings :
How shall we then our Nourishment receive,
Since our sweet Food no other Conduit brings ?

And if a Man should to these Babes reply,
That into this fair World they shall be brought,
Where they shall view the Earth, the Sea, the Sky,
The glorious Sun, and all that God hath wrought :

That

That there ten thousand Dainties they shall meet,
Which by their Mouths they shall with Pleasure take;
Which shall be cordial too, as well as sweet;
And of their little Limbs, tall Bodies make:

This World they'd think a Fable, ev'n as we
Do think the *Story of the Golden Age*;
Or as some sensual Spirits 'mongst us be,
Which hold the *World to come, a feigned Stage*:

Yet shall these Infants after find all true,
Tho' then thereof they nothing could conceive:
As soon as they are born, the World they view,
And with their Mouths, the Nurfes Milk receive.

So when the *Soul* is born (for Death is nought
But the *Soul's* Birth, and so we should it call)
Ten thousand Things she sees beyond her Thought;
And in an unknown Manner, knows them all.

Then doth she see by Spectacles no more,
 She hears not by Report of double Spies;
 Herself in Instants doth all Things explore;
 For each Thing's present, and before her lies.

But still this Crew with Questions me pursues:
 If *Souls* deceas'd (say they) still living be,
 Why do they not return, to bring us News
 Of that strange World, where they such Wonders see?

Fond Men! If we believe that Men do live
 Under the *Zenith* of both frozen *Poles*,
 Tho' none come thence, Advertisement to give,
 Why bear we not the like Faith of our *Souls*?

The *Soul* hath here on Earth no more to do,
 Than we have Business in our Mother's Womb:
 What Child doth covet to return thereto,
 Altho' all Children first from thence do come?

But

But as *Noah's Pigeon*, which return'd no more,
Did shew, she footing found, for all the Flood;
So when good *Souls*, departed thro' Death's Door,
Come not again, it shews their Dwelling good.

And doubtless, such a *Soul* as up doth mount,
And doth appear before her Maker's Face,
Holds this vile World in such a base Account,
As she looks down and scorns this wretched Place.

But such as are detruded down to Hell,
Either for Shame, they still themselves retire;
Or ty'd in Chains, they in close Prison dwell,
And cannot come, altho' they much desire.

Well, well, say these vain Spirits, Thought vain it is
To think our *Souls* to Heav'n or Hell do go;
Politick Men have thought it not amiss,
To spread this *Lye*, to make Men virtuous so.

Do you then think this *Moral Virtue* good ?

I think you do, ev'n for your private Gain ;
For Common-wealths by *Virtue* ever stood,
And common Good the private doth contain.

If then this *Virtue* you do love so well,

Have you no Means, her Practice to maintain ;
But you this *Lye* must to the People tell,
That good *Souls* live in Joy, and Ill in Pain ?

Must *Virtue* be preserved by a *Lye* ?

Virtue and *Truth* do ever best agree ;
By this it seems to be a Verity,
Since the Effects so good and virtuous be.

For, as the Devil, the Father is of Lies,

So Vice and Mischief do his Lies ensue :
Then this good Doctrine did not he devise ;
But made this *Lye*, which saith, it is not true.

For

For, *how* can that be false, which ev'ry Tongue
Of ev'ry mortal Man affirms for true?
Which Truth hath in all Ages been so strong,
As, Load-stone-like, all Hearts it ever drew.

For, not the *Christian*, or the *Jew* alone,
The *Persian*, or the *Turk*, acknowledge this;
This Mystery to the wild *Indian* known,
And to the *Canibal* and *Tartar* is.

This rich *Affyrian* Drug grows ev'ry where;
As common in the *North*, as in the *East*:
This Doctrine doth not enter by the *Ear*,
But of itself is native in the Breast.

None that acknowledge God, or Providence,
Their *Souls* Eternity did ever doubt;
For all *Religion* takes Root from hence,
Which no poor naked Nation lives without.

For

For since the World for Man created was,
 (For only Man the Use thereof doth know)
If Man do perish like a wither'd Grass,
 How doth God's Wisdom order Things below?

And if that Wisdom still wise Ends propound,
 Why made he Man, of other Creatures, King;
When (if he perish here) there is not found
 In all the World so poor and vile a Thing?

If Death do quench us quite, we have great wrong,
 Since for our Service all Things else were wrought;
That *Daws*, and *Trees*, and *Rocks* should last so long,
 When we must in an instant pass to nought.

But blest'd be that *Great Pow'r*, that hath us blest'd
 With longer Life than Heav'n or Earth can have;
Which hath infus'd into her mortal Breast
 Immortal Pow'rs not subject to the Grave.

For

For tho' the *Soul* do seem her Grave to bear,
And in this World is almost bury'd quick,
We have no Cause the Body's Death to fear;
For when the Shell is broke, out comes a Chick.



S E C T. XXXIII.

Three Kinds of Life answerable to the Three Powers of the SOUL.

FOR as the *Soul's Essential Pow'rs* are Three;
The *quick'ning Pow'r*, the *Pow'r of Sense* and
[*Reason*;
Three Kinds of Life to her designed be,

Which perfect these Three Pow'rs in their due Sea-
[son.

The first Life in the Mother's Womb is spent,
Where she her *Nursing Pow'r* doth only use;
Where, when she finds Defect of Nourishment,
Sh' expels her Body, and this World she views.

This

This we call *Birth*; but if the Child could speak,
He *Death* would call it; and of Nature plain,
That she would thrust him out naked and weak,
And in his Passage pinch him with such Pain.

Yet out he comes, and in this World is plac'd,
Where all his *Senses* in Perfection be;
Where he finds Flow'rs to smell, and Fruits to taste,
And Sounds to hear, and fundry Forms to see.

When he hath pass'd some Time upon the Stage,
His *Reason* then a little seems to wake;
Which, tho' she spring when *Sense* doth fade with Age,
Yet can she here no perfect Practice make.

Then doth aspiring *Soul* the Body leave,
Which we call *Death*; but were it known to all,
What *Life* our *Souls* do by this *Death* receive,
Men would it *Birth*, or *Goal-Deliv'ry* call.

In this third Life, Reason will be so bright,
As that her Spark will like the *Sun-Beams* shine;
And shall of God enjoy the real Sight,
B'ing still increas'd by Influence divine.



S E C T. XXXIV.

The CONCLUSION.

O *Ignorant* poor Man! what dost thou bear,
Lock'd up within the Casket of thy Breast?
What Jewels, and what Riches hast thou there?
What heav'nly Treasure in so weak a Chest?

Look in thy *Soul*, and thou shalt *Beauties* find,
Like those which drown'd *Narcissus* in the Flood:
Honour and *Pleasure* both are in thy Mind,
And all that in the World is counted *Good*.

Think

Think of her Worth, and think that God did mean,
This worthy Mind should worthy Things embrace :
Blot not her Beauties with thy Thoughts unclean,
Nor her dishonour with thy Passion base.

Kill not her *quick'ning Pow'r* with Surfeitings ;
Mar not her *Sense* with Sensuality :
Cast not her serious Wit on idle Things ;
Make not her *Free-Will* Slave to Vanity.

And when thou think'st of her *Eternity*,
Think not that *Death* against our Nature is ;
Think it a *Birth* : And when thou go'st to die,
Sing like a Swan, as if thou went'st to Bliss.

And if thou, like a Child, didst fear before,
B'ing in the Dark, where thou didst nothing see ;
Now I have brought thee *Torch-Light*, fear no more ;
Now when thou dy'st, thou canst not hood-wink'd be.

And

And thou, my *Soul*, which turn'st with curious Eye,
To view the Beams of thine own Form divine,
Know, that thou can'st know nothing perfectly,
While thou art clouded with this Flesh of mine.

Take heed of *Over-weening*, and compare
Thy *Peacock's* Feet with thy gay *Peacock's* Train:
Study the best and highest Things that are,
But of thyself an humble Thought retain.

Cast down thyself, and only strive to raise
The Glory of thy Maker's sacred Name:
Use all thy Pow'rs, that blessed Pow'r to praise,
Which gives thee Pow'r to *be*, and *use the same*.

F I N I S.



BOOKS lately Published,

Printed for D. BROWNE, without *Temple-Bar*.

1. **H**ORACE's *Satires, Epistles, and Art of Poetry*, done into *English*, with Notes. By S. Dunster, D. D. Prebendary of *Sarum*. The Fifth Edition, Revised and Corrected, with considerable Improvements, and some Additional Notes. Price 5 s.
2. *The Satires of Juvenal* translated into *English*, with a correct Edition of the Original on the opposite Page. Illustrated with Explanatory and Classical Notes relating to the Laws and Customs of the *Greeks* and *Romans*. The Second Edition. Price 5 s.
3. *The Satires of Persius* translated into *English* by Thomas Sheridan, D. D. with Explanatory Notes. The Second Edition. To which is added, An Alphabetical Index. Price 2 s.
4. A New Translation, in Prose, of *T. Lucretius Carus*, of the Nature of Things. In Six Books. Together with a neat and correct Edition of the Text in the opposite Page. Illustrated with proper and useful Notes. Adorn'd with Copper-Plates curiously engraved by *Guernier* and others, in 2 vol. 8vo. Price 10 s.
5. *Biographia Classica*: The Lives and Characters of all the Classic Authors, the *Grecian* and *Roman* Poets, Historians, Orators and Biographers. With an Historical and Critical Account of them and their Writings; illustrating their several Excellencies, and shewing their Defects, from the Judgment and Remarks of the most celebrated Critics, both Ancient and Modern. The Second Edition, corrected and improved. To which is now added, A List of the best and most curious Editions of each Classic Author. In Two Pocket Volumes. Price 6 s.





BOOKS lately Published,

Printed for D. BROWNE, without *Temple-Bar*.

1. **H**ORACE's *Satires, Epistles, and Art of Poetry*, done into *English*, with Notes. By S. Dunster, D. D. Prebendary of *Sarum*. The Fifth Edition, Revised and Corrected, with considerable Improvements, and some Additional Notes. Price 5 s.

2. *The Satires of Juvenal* translated into *English*, with a correct Edition of the Original on the opposite Page. Illustrated with Explanatory and Classical Notes relating to the Laws and Customs of the *Greeks* and *Romans*. The Second Edition. Price 5 s.

3. *The Satires of Persius* translated into *English* by Thomas Sheridan, D. D. with Explanatory Notes. The Second Edition. To which is added, An Alphabetical Index. Price 2 s.

4. A New Translation, in Prose, of *T. Lucretius Carus*, of the Nature of Things. In Six Books. Together with a neat and correct Edition of the Text in the opposite Page. Illustrated with proper and useful Notes. Adorn'd with Copper-Plates curiously engraved by *Guernier* and others, in 2 vol. 8vo. Price 10 s.

5. *Biographia Classica*: The Lives and Characters of all the Classic Authors, the *Grecian* and *Roman* Poets, Historians, Orators and Biographers. With an Historical and Critical Account of them and their Writings; illustrating their several Excellencies, and shewing their Defects, from the Judgment and Remarks of the most celebrated Critics, both Ancient and Modern. The Second Edition, corrected and improved. To which is now added, A List of the best and most curious Editions of each Classic Author. In Two Pocket Volumes. Price 6 s.



